

The Australian

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PRICE



WOMEN'S WEEKLY



KITTY PANTON,

vivacious Sydney
model (and busy
housewife, too)
says . . .



"STOP WORRYING about housework spoiling your hands START WEARING ANSELL RUBBER GLOVES"



Lovely model—and mother—Mrs. Kitty Pantan says: "I'm never without my Ansell Rubber Gloves in the kitchen, laundry, for mopping, sweeping, polishing—in fact, all housework. They're so easy to work with and such certain hand protection."



When a photograph calls for a close-up of beautiful hands, Sydney commercial photographers choose Kitty Pantan as model . . . her hands always look so soft and youthful. Thanks to the complete protection of Ansell Rubber Gloves," says Kitty. "They're the simplest hand beauty secret I know."

Ansell all-over crepe-finished Rubber Gloves are so easy to slip on and off. They fit comfortably right to the fingertips . . . feel so light . . . and grip like your own skin—you hardly know you're wearing them. They prevent the drying, cracking effect of scalding hot water . . . the roughening effect of daily housework and gardening . . . and they keep your nails from breaking and chipping. Enjoy the comfort and protection of Ansell Sure-Grip Rubber Gloves. They're the longest-wearing rubber gloves—the most economical of all.

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AG 41

SIDE SHOW

By Gerard Bell

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

MARCH 10, 1954

Vol. 21, No. 41

REUNION IN TOBRUK

AT the end of April the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, and their two children, Prince Charles and Princess Anne, will be reunited at Tobruk.

That the rendezvous of the two Royal yachts, the "old" Gothic, carrying the parents, and the "new" Britannia, carrying the children, will be at Tobruk has a special meaning for Australians who remember wartime Tobruk with pride.

But perhaps more than anything else the announcement brings home the personal side of the Royal Family's life, which must, on so many occasions, take second place to duty.

Nothing could be more impressive than the way in which the Queen goes about her strenuous Royal tour engagements.

Her dignity and youth make a constant appeal to the sympathy of her subjects.

It is the fact, however, that she is a wife and mother as well as a beloved public figure that brings Her Majesty really close to the women of this country.

Five months is a long time for a mother to be away from her children.

Working mothers everywhere know just what it is like to have only a few hours a day in the family circle.

And the Queen, without doubt, is the British Commonwealth's Working Mother No. 1.

It must touch the heart of every woman to know that the Queen was able to devote time during her unhurried Tasmanian tour to arrange an earlier meeting with her children.

Our cover:

● Our cover this week is a color photograph of the Queen and Mr. Menzies at the State Banquet in Canberra. It was taken by staff photographer John Jones. Onlookers literally caught their breaths at the sight of the Queen arriving at the King's Hall for the banquet. It was raining, and the raindrops on the windows of the car magnified and starred the flash and glitter of her diamonds above the cloud of pink-and-green tulle in her dress.

This week:

● Winner of this week's progress prize in our Family Home Contest is Mrs. A. Makaroff, of Mayfield, N.S.W., with a plan for a real family home. It's excellent for its great adaptability. One of the most interesting plans among the hundreds deluging the office is one for a tropical house in Marble Bar, one of the hottest spots on earth. The design has a sweeping drive-in to save walking in the sun and is built round a central lawn in much the way of a Moorish courtyard.

Next week:

● Next week will be our special knitting issue. Besides the lovely light and medium wool handknits it features the new bulky knits that answer the need for something really warm for winter. They started in Paris, where all good fashion ideas come from, and were immediately taken up in America, where they became a craze as sweaters, jackets, and duffle coats for the top-heavy look with lean skirts, dresses, slacks, and jeans.

● Do you remember Margery Sharp's entrancing novel "The Nutmeg Tree"? The author's latest novel, "Gipsy in the Parlor," is even better, so it's our new serial and we begin the first long instalment next week. It's the story of the impact two beautiful women make on a family noted for its strong-angrime men.

Letters from our Readers

ALL Australians should feel proud that their nation's flag has been hoisted on the Antarctic mainland by members of the Australian scientific expedition. No doubt modern inventions and improved scientific instruments have made the work of this expedition easier than previous ventures, but the necessary courage and the climatic hazards still remain the same. Australia should be grateful that she can produce such a fine body of men.

Jane Peabody, Camberwell, Vic.

I WOULD like to appeal for better adult manners, particularly from elderly women between 50 and 65, who appear to have no social conscience. In nine cases out of 10, a seat given up to them in train or tram is not even acknowledged, nor do they have any consideration for others moving along public thoroughfares. These women, by their bad example, make my task of bringing up well-mannered children difficult indeed. What makes them so bad-mannered?

M. Bartley, Essendon, Vic.

IT may seem peculiar for a man to be writing to The Australian Women's Weekly, but I want to point out how pretty the Queen's hats are. I am a bachelor and take many women out at different

times, and I think their hats are shocking. They are either as big as a wheel or a strip of flowers, nothing like a hat, that they pin on. The Queen's hats are generally small, but big enough to be called a hat and they always frame her face and become it. I don't know a single woman—and I know plenty—who has the hat sense the Queen has.

Bill Morris, Kew, Vic.

WHEN will clothes manufacturers agree on standard sizes for ready-made frocks? I read in your leader that they intend to do this, but at present shopping in Adelaide is just a nightmare to me. I am size 38, the largest of the women's sizes. In one shop size 38 fits me nicely with room to spare, in another they are about an inch too small and I am sent to the outside department with their dreary full-woman sizes. Some

shops here, too, start their outsize at 38. I think this is wrong, but of course I may be prejudiced.

Helen Thacker, Tanunda, S.A.

THERE has been a lot in the papers about the N.S.W. Railway Commissioner, Mr. Winsor, selling thousands of cheap oranges from Leeton to city dwellers. It would be wonderful if he could arrange to sell them in the country, too. I live 28 miles from Goulburn and have to pay 1/4 a day to give my two children the two oranges each the clinic says they must have. Perhaps Mr. Winsor could set a nominal freight for a case of this fruit from Leeton to country centres.

M. Ryan, Crookwell, N.S.W.

NOW we have seen our lovely Queen. I feel the Australian people should ask the Government to "identify" the unattractive female on the new pound note and the one with the laurel wreath round her head on the shilling. These "likenesses" libel the Queen's beauty. Anyway, this is 1954, so let us have an effigy of the radiant 20th-century girl that the Queen is, instead of something done in the Greek style with a laurel wreath.

Mrs. Muriel Snape, Hornsby, N.S.W.

Don't be
HALF-SAFE!



New Cream Deodorant

SAFELY STOPS PERSPIRATION 1 to 3 DAYS

Even a daily shower isn't the answer to freedom from underarm odor. It can't stop the perspiration which causes this embarrassment.

So don't be half-safe—Arriad used daily prevents two ways:

1. IT STOPS PERSPIRATION . . . safely, effectively . . . for 1 to 3 days.
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Arriad saves clothes from perspiration stains, rotting, and clinging odors. Arriad is safe for skin, keeps you safe from embarrassment, too.

Buy a jar of the new cream deodorant—Arriad.

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BE SURE



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THE GREAT NERVE TONIC

A LADY AT VINIFERA,
VIC., WRITES:

"All our family take Fisher's Phospherine, we find it wonderful for the after-effects of 'flu. It picks you up in the first week."

TAKE 4 DROPS IN A TUMBLER
OF WARM OR COLD WATER
EVERY MORNING.

IN ALL STATES EXCEPT N.S.W.
SOLD AS

FISHAPHOS



Cool the blood stream

Even during the difficult reething period, baby can be a picture of health if you use Steedman's famous Powders. Steedman's is a safe and gentle aperient which cools the blood-stream and keeps baby regular in habits.

Write now to "Steedman, Box 17572, G.P.O. Melbourne" for free booklet "Hints to Mothers".

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AT ALL CHEMISTS
Made in England.

This week's Royal tour pictures show . . .

THE QUEEN IN FOUR CAPITALS



HER MAJESTY in a spectacular Canberra ceremony unveils the Australian National Memorial to America. The monument is a 258ft. high aluminium shaft, surmounted by an eagle of aluminium with outstretched wings.

PARIS TRADEMARK



AT CARVEN'S chic customers buy perfume accessories before hurrying to another designer's show. Sometimes there are four openings a day.

Couturiers serve champagne, spray perfume at showings

Success of a Paris couturier is measured in rows of small, gilt chairs. Every salon has identical, fragile chairs. On them sit the fashion Press of the world, the important buyers, and then the private clients.

THEY submit to conditions of crowding and discomfort they wouldn't put up with in any other part of their life, but they see the most exciting clothes in the world.

The next things of importance for the would-be couturier—this is leaving aside talent for the moment—are glittering chandeliers and then a proudly curving staircase. As the measure of his success, Christian Dior now has two staircases.

Add bubbling champagne and heady perfume and you have a Paris dress show.

Whatever may be wrong with France's economy at the moment, she must always be acknowledged as the country which has made more women feel better, look better, and smell better than any other.

And women have brought a lot of money to France, because fashion, perfume, and champagne there are not just accompaniments to good living. They are very important industries.

Beneath all the glamor of the Paris dress shows there is a very hard core of business. And the most aesthetic designer must have a nerve of steel and a heart of oak.

The Paris dress houses are curiously uniform. Most often the decor is white and grey, as everything must be subordinated to the clothes.

The leading couturiers all have their salons in the streets off the Champs Elysees. Many of them were large private houses in more spacious days.

Jean Desse's was formerly the home of Madame Eiffel, whose husband built the tower.

Hubert de Givenchy holds his parades in the former chapel of the home he has taken over. There are still large carved Apostles on the heavy wooden doors.

The atmosphere before the opening of each show is tense, exciting. Even if it seems often to have been artificially engendered, it's infectious just the same.

Englishwomen's snowboots

THE shows always begin late—or late by non-European standards.

As you wait, you study the audience.

Many of the women are not particularly well dressed. Perhaps there is no more reason why they should be than why a dramatic critic should be a good actor.

The Americans to a woman wear mink. The Englishwomen, even under the supercilious eye of the haute couture, come in their incredible snowboots.

The French, when they do succumb to snowboots, wear neat, black, high-heeled ones with a band of fur at the ankle, in which they look oddly like poodles.

There are a certain number of people who become

identities and you watch for them every day.

Some are pointed out to you, others are just faces that stand out in a crowd.

There is tiny, elderly Mrs. Carmel Snow, editor of American "Harper's Bazaar."

Her hair is bright blue but otherwise she does not conform very much to the American career woman pattern.

She is gossiping with a middle-aged companion before the collection begins. Then they decide they are sitting in a draught, or that they want more fresh air. They're rather like two housewives on a day out.

That's all very deceptive. Mrs. Snow's eyes miss no detail of the clothes, and the Paris designers stand in almost ridiculous awe of her.

She was made a member of the Legion of Honor for saying in her magazine that only Paris could create a new "line."

Then there's Sophie, ex-model, enthusiastically doing her first stint as a journalist. She's in a fur coat and gross-point skirt from Givenchy.

Monocled man watches

THERE'S a man with a monocle, who might almost have been left over from some ball or reception of bygone days... at Schiaparelli's two women bring their poodles... at Dior's there's a solemn-faced Japanese, her hair in a fringed bob.

Sometimes in the midst of all the busy notetaking a

By
PATRICIA ROLFE,
of our London staff,
who flew to Paris for
the spring showings.

more subjective approach to the clothes creeps in.

"I like that," one girl says.

"Yes," her companion agrees, casting a glance at her friend's bulk, "but you'd have to be terribly slim to wear it."

The girl sighs and goes back to work.

"That'd be one way to fix my green velvet coat," another says, as a most intricately cut coat is shown. "I wonder if I could get it to look like that."

If you sit near the door from which the mannequin emerges, you get yet another view of the shows.

The girls stand, chattering, waiting for their entrances.

Even the most experienced feels something of the nervous fear of an actor or musician.

There's a brief spat, perhaps even something that sounds like an angry slap, then a quick, good-natured giggle, and the girl emerges as proud as a queen, wearing several hundreds of pounds' worth of evening dress and trailing several thousands of pounds' worth of mink.

She turns, gazing at some remote point above the heads of the crowd. There is a faint smile on her lips. Then back to the dressing-rooms, bounding the last few steps because every second counts.

The mannequins are by no means all beautiful nor even young.

As usual, you feel inclined to say you'd see plenty of prettier girls and girls with better figures on Bondi beach any day. However, they are women doing a job—showing clothes—and they do it supremely well.

There are several in their forties. One is said to be 48.

Lovellier lips...

... to help you to meet the sun with confidence.

Yardley have created a new and even more brilliant range of lipstick colours, irresistible to choose, cream-soft to apply, yet as indelible to wear as a lipstick should be... and there's a matching cream rouge.

NATURAL ROSE, PRETTY PINK and CHERRY for pink and rose tones, and pastels.

FUCHSIA, PINK HEATHER and BURGUNDY for blue-based colours, cyclamen, black and white.

VIVID and HOLLY RED for yellow-based shades.

LONDON RED. A brilliant sunny red for most colours.

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Lipsticks 10/11

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CHAIRS, STAIRS, CHANDELIERS



MANNEQUINS, working deftly and quickly, prepare to make their salon appearance in the world's most-sought-after clothes. The girls are generally chosen for their deportment and "fashion air" rather than for youth and beauty.

The young girls in grey who call the names and numbers of the models look without envy at the mannequins whose brief life they do not aspire to. They watch the vendeuses, always helpful, always smiling, always efficient. They aim to become vendeuses with skillfully tinted hair, three strings of pearls, and such good black.

Afterwards the whole staff gathers to discuss the collection and to drink the champagne and eat the canapés the guests have left.

M. Dior, plump and soft-mannered—you'd almost call him Papa Dior if you didn't remember what he's always doing to us girls, our figures, and our clothes—is kissed on both cheeks by happy members of his staff.

The buyers' audiences are very different from the journalists'. They are even more intent. Most of them have come a long way and a lot depends on what they buy.

After the show they begin to examine the garments. They even look at the seams. The salon becomes as disordered as a bargain basement. The weary mannequins are sent for time and time again so that the buyer can see the dress worn again.

Last—it may be some weeks afterwards—come the private buyers.

At an old-established house like Schiaparelli, some might be invited for the opening, but generally they prefer to wait until the scramble is over.

The days when the private clients really counted have long gone.

Those were the days when a wealthy woman—was it Barbara Hutton?—could see the Paquin collection and say, "I'll take them." When asked which ones, she replied coolly, "The lot."

Typists favored as buyers

THERE aren't enough women left with that kind of money!

The leading couturiers like to see world-famous film stars or any of the world's royalties in their clothes, but they would much prefer to have 10,000 typists buy copies.

When Paris designers undertake to make for private clients nowadays the inducement is generally publicity and not money.

In general, the private clients see the same collection the buyers and the Press have seen and choose their clothes from it.

It is possible they will select something which will be reproduced by the hundreds.

One of Dior's suits from the autumn collection was "sold"

58 times. That's considered a very successful model.

Although there are plenty of customers for day dresses, the very elaborate ball dresses are often included in the collection as a matter of prestige.

They are often not sold, but it is well known in Paris that they are frequently lent to well-known women—film stars, for example—to wear at balls.

It's worth it in publicity for everyone to say "So-and-so was at the ball in M. What's-his-name's dress."

After the collection has been shown, there's a gesture of hospitality.

Waiters holding trays of champagne above their heads struggle through the crowd, but everyone is in a hurry. The shows follow one after the other, generally four a day, with barely breathing space between them.

So the champagne is left to go flat. You can't help thinking it would be nice to gather up a glass and keep it for afterwards, but champagne, like the excitement of Paris dress shows, is not meant to last.

As you leave the salon you are liberally sprayed with the perfume of the house. You go on to Balmain wafted on the fragrance of Miss Dior, and arrive at Maggy Rouff still smelling strongly of Fath de Fath.



GROOMED to evening perfection with her jewels catching the light from the glittering chandelier, the mannequin, wearing a seathed satin ball gown, promenades between the rows of buyers seated on the gilt chairs in the salon.



MARIE-LOUISE BOUSQUET (right), French editor of "Harper's Bazaar," leans forward, cigarette in mouth, for a closer look at one of the dresses. Two models (left), exhausted by the high tension and excitement of a new season's showing, snatch a rest as they relax on the floor of their littered dressing-room.





royal

heather

the new Autumn Colour in nylons

Introducing the bonnie prince colour of the season, the new Autumn tone in nylons inspired by the purple of heather . . . a lively colour to please every smart woman, an important accessory to show off your loveliest clothes, and a perfect companion for navy and black shoes.

by **Prestige**

Available in Twelves the finest sheers, in 15 denier, Cocktail, Chiffonette, Checkmates and Spun Mist.

THE QUEEN'S STAY IN MELBOURNE



THE QUEEN talks with Mr. N. D. Wilson, president of the Victorian branch of the Returned Servicemen's League, at Melbourne Cricket Ground.



HER MAJESTY farewells Sir Clifden Eager, President of the Legislative Council, after she had opened the Victorian Parliament. Her gown is gold-embroidered cream poulx.

Snake girl waves hello with pet python

Shirley Weston, 18-year-old "Australian Snake Girl," whose figure entwined with a wriggling 12ft. carpet snake and an 8ft. python provided a highlight of the Royal visit to Mount Gambier, South Australia, is easily frightened by mice.

FOR the Royal visit Shirley tactfully moved down the road a bit with her strange pets, away from the cheering crowds.

When the Royal car came within 20 feet of her the Duke smiled, waved, and nudged the Queen, who turned and smiled, too.

(The python, incidentally,

has since been named "The Duke.")

In addition to controlling her mobile charges and glimpsing the Royal visitors, Shirley waved a small flag.



SIGHT OF SHIRLEY WESTON waving a carpet snake and a heribbioned python intrigues the Royal couple during their visit to Mount Gambier. Shirley has since christened the python "The Duke."

By FRED A YOUNG, staff reporter

But she was trembling with the thrill of it all, and when a bend in the road ended the Duke's long, amused stare and a policeman stepped forth and took her name, Shirley ran back to her parents' side show and cried with "nerves."

Her mother, Mrs. Bert Weston, told me, "Poor Shirley could see broad arrows all over herself."

At Mount Gambier I met Mr. and Mrs. Weston, Shirley, nine-year-old Peter Weston, and Jimmie Stevens, who has become part of the outfit. I was also introduced to "The Duke" at a respectful distance.

Introductions extended also to about 700 other snakes—carpets, tigers, greentrees, copperheads, blacks, browns, adders, etc., as they were tossed into the pit from boxes.

Into this wriggling mass stepped Shirley in her leather kneeboots, jodhpurs, and an orchid-toned lambswool cardigan.

"You identify tiger snakes by their large flat heads with cobra-like action and the scales under the body," Mrs. Weston told me, just as I might talk about a favorite kitten.

Shirley added, "You almost need to be an octopus to handle them."

She must always be on the alert, as the snakes, if not watched, can strike. She has been bitten several times.

Her elder sister Olga was nearly killed when a python



IN THE SNAKE PIT Shirley milks the venom from the fangs of a tiger snake into a spoon. Milking reptiles is one of Shirley's sideshow routines.

wrapped itself round her neck and began the big squeeze. However, not even this experience has dampened Olga's enthusiasm. Her daughter, a toddler, already has a blue-tongued lizard as a pet. Shirley has been doing the snake-pit act for a few years now, and her favorite reading is about snakes.

Interesting

"THE more you know about them the more interesting they become," she explained.

Blind people in the audiences are often particularly interested. They stroke the creatures while Shirley explains points to them.

Feeding the hundreds of snakes is a job in itself. All members of the family go out at night with bright lamps and catch frogs; friends breed white

mice and rats for them; and they catch lizards and other small creatures.

The food must be alive. This is a matter of grief to young Peter, who loves all animals, especially white mice, which Shirley detests.

The snakes live in big boxes, 50 to 70 to the box, according to size, in a covered truck. They are given sun, earth, and water wherever the Westons can rest for a while on the road. This involves constant vigilance lest they escape.

The Westons believe theirs is the largest snake collection of any sideshow in Australia.

The family's permanent home is at Kyogle, N.S.W., but they came from Bundaberg, Queensland. Mrs. Weston's father was a Clinton, of the one-time Clinton Brothers' Circus, and she used to be a circus-ring performer in tights.

PAGEANTRY ON THE ROYAL WAY



ABOVE: Naval guard of honor for the Queen at unveiling of the Australian National Memorial to America in Canberra. BELOW: The Queen receives a bouquet at the schoolchildren's welcome at Manuka Oval, Canberra.



LEFT: The Queen, with the Duke of Edinburgh, places a wreath on the Commemorative Stone at the Australian War Memorial, Canberra, during their visit to the national capital.



THE QUEEN presents new colors to the Corps of Staff Cadets at an impressive ceremony at the Royal Military College, Duntroon. Under-Officer L. G. O'Donnell carries the Queen's Colors and Under-Officer J. S. Kendall the Regimental Colors.



IN TASMANIA: The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at the unveiling of the sesqui-centenary memorial on the site where Lieutenant-Colonel David Collins established the settlement which is now called Hobart.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 10, 1954



ROYAL GARDEN PARTY at Government House, Sydney, farewelled the Queen and the Duke before they sailed for Tasmania. The Governor, Sir John Northcott, and Miss Elizabeth Northcott are behind the Royal couple.



THE GARDENS OF YARRALUMLA, Canberra, home of the Governor-General, Sir William Slim, and Lady Slim, made a splendid setting for the Royal garden party. Lady Slim is behind the Queen and the Duke.

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Half the women who read this will say "PHOOEY!"

THEY WON'T BELIEVE THAT SUDS ARE A "MENACE" IN WASHING-UP



When we say that suds are a real "menace" in washing-up... most women will rise to the defence of that snowy curtain of froth and bubble.

Before we go any further, please believe that this account has been written by another woman who, like you, was frankly unbelieving when first faced with that statement. But on delving personally into the facts, unbelief gave way to doubt and doubt to the firm conviction that suds really ARE a "menace" (in the modern sense of the word, of course).

Suds don't actually *do* anything. They are really just a camouflage to *hide* water that grows more and more dirty and greasy. Some of the dirt and grease is, naturally, re-deposited in the frothy film that streaks the dishes as they drain. The "streaking" itself adds to your work—it means that every piece of crockery, glass and silverware must be dried and polished with a cloth. Which leads to another point: You know, of course, that tea-towels are condemned by the health authorities as germ-carriers of the worst kind—yet, remember, suds-washed dishes need tea-towelling to remove that streaky film!



1095 TIMES A YEAR!

What's the Alternative?

If, by now, you're beginning to have your doubts about suds, too, you'll probably say, "Well, even if what you say is true—what else can I use for my washing-up?" The answer to that, of course, is a modern chemical detergent... the one we've been telling you about in Women's Weekly for some time now... **TRIX**.

TRIX is what we term a "miracle" detergent. Something quite different from the common run of powders, flakes and other soaps. TRIX works by a safe, soft chemical action that actually *absorbs* dirt and grease. It virtually "works by itself."

We've told you at various times how good TRIX is for washing clothes, cleaning floors and windows—even the car. But grand though TRIX is for all those cleaning chores, it undoubtedly is of most value to you for (to return to our theme) **WASHING-UP**.

Let's Face It

TRIX doesn't give you a sinkful of suds, and at first you may not take kindly to the idea of a "sudsless" washing-up. The compensating benefits must be very strong to overcome your liking for froth-and-bubble. But the benefits offered by TRIX are very strong. Let's look at them...

Eight Big Benefits

- First**, there's *efficiency*. Trix has remarkable grease-cutting power. Trix dissolves and *absorbs* grease and food particles—whereas ordinary soapy water merely *spreads* grease and waste.
- Second**, Trix is *kind* to the hands—there's no need to use scalding hot water.
- Third**, speed. Trix cleans faster than any soap you've ever used.
- Fourth**, there's no toiling over burnt pots and pans. You just steep them in Trix-water.
- Fifth**, because Trix is "soapless," it doesn't leave soapy streaks or film on dishes, glass or silverware.
- Sixth**, **TRIX BANISHES DRYING-UP!** Simply stack the dishes in a rack and they dry sparkling clean.
- Then** there's hygiene. A microscope test shows that Trix-washed dishes are virtually germ-free—far, far cleaner than dishes washed in suds and dried with a tea-towel.
- Finally**, *economy*. You see, Trix is highly concentrated—it's twice as "thick" as ordinary detergents (therefore Trix goes twice as far!). One teaspoonful is quite enough for a whole big wash-up. One bottle lasts ages.

We Believe...

We have gone about as far as we can go in words to give you the full Trix story. If you are prepared to believe that there is something in it, then do take it a step further and prove for yourself that all we've said here is true. Buy a bottle of Trix from your grocer (it only costs 3/3 for a big 16-oz. bottle). Put your usual soap or powder on one side and use only Trix for washing-up for the next week or so. Use it with an open mind (by which we mean to forget that suds business)... and we *guarantee* that you will agree that Trix makes a better, cleaner and faster job of washing-up.

P.S. It may interest you to know that Trix is made by the makers of famous Mortein.

STOP PRESS!

Just as this announcement was going to press, the following paragraph appeared in an Australian Newspaper. We publish it because we think it helps to emphasise our point.

The wife knew her foamwork

Three London County Council experts have reported on research, costing £44,000 a year, on the best use of detergents. They said women would not believe that detergents would wash greasy dishes unless they saw a good foamy lather. Said these scientists: "The detergents are better than the frothiest soap but detergent manufacturers have had to put in extra (and useless) chemicals to make the suds."

Needless to say, Trix does not contain these "useless" suds-making chemicals.

Trail of ruin as floodwaters ebb

By DOROTHY DRAIN

A flood is a disaster that begins on the high note of human emotions. There are fear, the threat of death, and even death itself. And with the fear go courage and high heroism.

And as the danger passes and the waters ebb, so emotion peters away in worries, big and small, and a million petty irritations. Courage has to be replaced by fortitude, to bear the discomfort of life, and to face the climb back to the high ground of security.

A LONG the north coast of New South Wales the receding waters have revealed the same depressing picture—ruined crops, wrecked houses, broken furniture.

Everything wears a coat of slimy mud, and over all hangs the smell of it.

Everywhere the people of towns and of isolated farms are repairing the ravages of the water. It is a job that will take months, even years.

For some, the relatives of those who were drowned, the scars will never be healed.

Last week I saw something of the scene on the north coast. Railwaymen were still working repairing the line farther on to Casino and Lismore when I reached Grafton.

The Clarence River flood, overshadowed by those of the Richmond and Tweed, where so many people lost their lives, was, nevertheless, a tragedy for the district.

IN all disasters the trite things are true. "You know your real friends," people say, or "Times like this bring out the best in most—and the worst in a few."

The sayings are well worn, but they are sound. The great majority help friends and strangers alike. Men on the flood boats risk their lives in rescues. The surf club lads who make up so many of the voluntary water brigades row without rest carrying supplies.

Police, civic authorities, men on the flood committees, all red-eyed from lack of sleep and hoarse from answering questions and giving advice, keep the threads of essential services together.

Stranded holiday-makers—and there were many of them in the districts—turn to and help townspeople. Commercial travellers in the hotel where I stayed at Grafton had filled sandbags on the levee banks. A mother and son, caught on a motoring holiday, had helped stow stock in a shop.

The day after the flood was at its height, I waded down Prince Street, Grafton's main shopping street, to visit Mavis McClymont. Mavis, a reporter on the "Daily Examiner," is the only woman alderman on the Grafton City Council. Everybody in Grafton knows Mavis, and Mavis knows everybody.

She and her sister, Mrs. Ailsa Tester, and 11-year-old Dianne Tester live above the jewellery shop which they inherited from their father, the late George McClymont, for 50 years a jeweller and optometrist in the town.

It is a narrow two-storied building and on one of its doorways are marked flood levels dating back to 1890.

The McClymont girls, having lived all their lives in Grafton, are old hands at the job.

They know the cardinal rule, which is "Get the silt out before it hardens."

So, with the help of friends, they were hosing out the mud which covered the floor, half way up the walls and showcases.

BUSINESS in the street was at a standstill while the clean-up was on. One estate agent had put up a notice "Flood-free blocks for sale—£150 to £800," more as a gesture towards cheerfulness than in the hope of immediate business.

The McClymont girls had the nightmare task of sorting out hundreds of pieces of china and jewellery, which, with helpers, they had, on the night of the flood, carried upstairs.

While the water rose they had retreated to the top-floor bedrooms with china and crystal and clothes, food, water, and the pet kittens.

When they ran short of drinking water they had climbed out in the rain over rooftops

to a tap on the top floor of a building farther along the street.

They listened to the radio till the power failed and then at intervals walked down to count the steps. By the number of steps before their feet touched water they could gauge the depth on the ground floor.

When the river was rising four inches an hour the steps were disappearing at the rate of two an hour.

As I left the McClymonts' a man from a shop farther down the road presented Mavis with a handful of clean rags.

"That's one of the most precious gifts you could have after a flood," said Mavis. "We hadn't a dry, clean rag left."

AFTERWARDS I waded across the street to Weiley's hotel, where Mrs. W. R. Weiley promptly presented me with a pair of sand-shoes. Cut feet from barefoot wading are the commonest minor casualties in the aftermath of floods.

Mr. and Mrs. Weiley were Mayor and Mayoress of Grafton during the 1950 flood.

Everywhere, swirling along the ebbing murky water, crunching underfoot on the mud, were millions of dead black beetles—in themselves a testimony to the fact that the floods were the last straw to the North Coast district.

Nine months of drought preceded the floods. Early this year the black beetles, for many years a menace to crops, reached such plague proportions that they were the subject of farmers' meetings.

They destroyed huge areas of cane and pastures. They infest gardens and eat lawns bare. "Been eating linoleum this week, I

shouldn't be surprised," said a householder, sweeping a mass of them away.

Across the river in South Grafton, where the Mayor, Mr. W. E. Crisp, said that damage was the worst since 1928, some houses had slipped from their foundations. In low-lying areas they had been submerged to rooftops.

The day I saw it the occupants of every accessible house were slaving away at what looked the hopeless task of cleaning up. Branches of trees, swept down by the river, filled what had been gardens.

"This time I've had it," said a businessman in South Grafton. "I'm going to get out."

The wonder is that more people do not feel the same desperation. For some there is little choice. The expense of moving is even greater than that of making a home habitable again.

THERE are others, who, having decided that their lives are cast in a flood area, make long-range preparations. One man in South Grafton, after the 1950 flood, rigged up a winch and a chute. When the river was rising this time he hauled his furniture up to the ceiling. Afterwards he used the chute to slide it all back again.

And in Kempsey I met Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Godfrey, who had just moved back into their house to find that what Mr. Godfrey called "flood drill" had paid dividends.

After studying the heights of the 1946, 1949, and 1950 floods, all marked on the wall near the front door, Mr. Godfrey had cut beams ready to be laid on trestles 5 ft. 6 in. above his floor level.

In the five hours between the time of the warning and the flowing in of the water, the Godfreys had pulled up the floor coverings, erected the beams, stowed furniture on them, and retreated up the rise to the hotel for the night.

"This flood came only to the 1946 level in the house," said Mr. Godfrey. "Not like 1950, when cows and lounge suites were swirling down the main street of the town."

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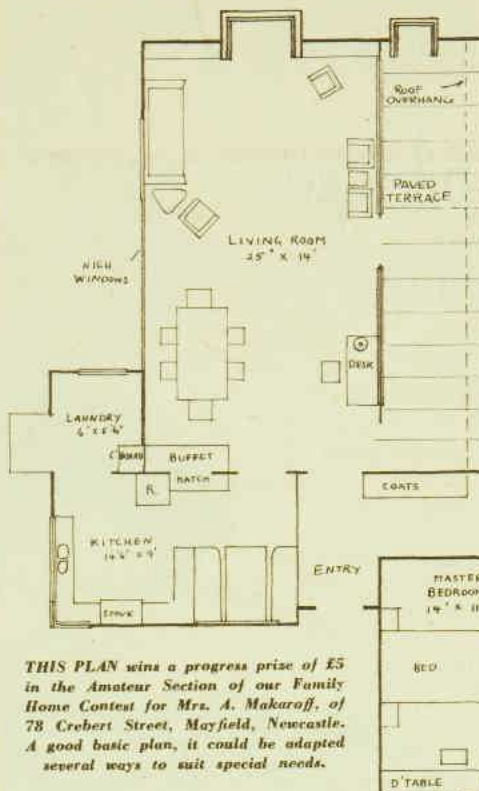
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Page 12

Home contest closes on March 26

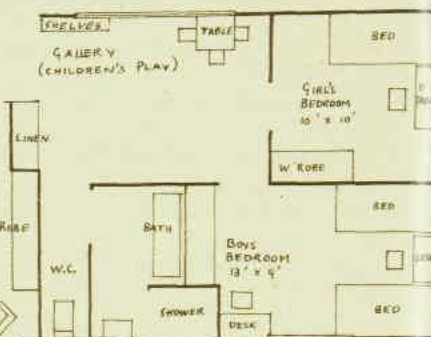


THIS PLAN wins a progress prize of £5 in the Amateur Section of our Family Home Contest for Mrs. A. Makaroff, of 78 Crebert Street, Mayfield, Newcastle. A good basic plan, it could be adapted several ways to suit special needs.

● Although our Family Home Contest closes on March 26 at 12 noon, there is still plenty of time to submit plans in either the amateur or professional section, and perhaps win one of these big cash prizes.

For the best floor plan by an amateur £1000
Three prizes of £100 each for plans judged next best.
For the best design entered by a professional person . . . £1000

Five premiums of £100 for plans judged next best



Constant stream of plans in mail

As the time for final judging of our Family Home Contest draws near plans are reaching this office in a steadily increasing stream.

THE assessors expect that it will take several weeks to assess those not yet seen and to make final selections.

The contest is being conducted in connection with the Fourth Australian Architectural Convention to be held at the Town Hall, Sydney, in May, where winning plans will be exhibited, as well as scale models of the first-prize winners in the professional and amateur sections.

Whatever trend the winning plans follow, they will be open to a general fire of criticism or approbation from architects all over Australia, and from home-planners who visit the exhibition to be held in connection with the convention. This will be open to the public.

One of the most exciting exhibits at the exhibition will be The Australian Women's Weekly House of the Future, which will be built full scale in the Town Hall and will be open to inspection.

A refreshing sidelight on entries is the number received from young engaged or married couples. The substantial first prizes could help them realise their own dreams of a family home.

At the other end of the scale are people who built their own homes many years ago, and who have found them ideally comfortable and submitted plans almost similar in design.

Mr. J. C. Davies, of St. Ives, N.S.W., sends us a picture of his pleasant weather-board home with wide verandahs and well-pitched gables.

He built it 16 years ago with the help of his son, then aged 15.

Mr. Davies is a fitter and turner, and had had no previous experience in building.

Mr. Davies thinks verandahs are essential to the Australian climate. "You might just as well try to dispose of the umbrella," he writes.

Qualifications and schedule of requirements for the professional section were printed in our issue of February 24, and will not be repeated.

In columns 3 and 4 are requirements and conditions for the amateur section:

HOW TO ENTER Amateur Section

- Exclusive publication rights in all entries shall belong to Consolidated Press Ltd.
- Entries should be addressed to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney, and should be marked Family Home Contest.
- Entrants are required to draw the ground plan of a three-bedroom home for a family of five with the sizes of the rooms indicated and the positions of windows and doors marked.
- The house shall not contain

- more than 1600 square feet of floor area on one or more stories, excluding terraces, porches, verandahs, and garage.
- Site of the home is a corner block of land with an 80ft. street frontage facing east and 100ft. street frontage facing north.
- The position of the main items of furniture in each room must be shown.
- Draw your plan on one piece of paper, not larger than 22in. x 15in. Smaller sheets may be used.

CONTEST CONDITIONS

Please read the following conditions carefully to ascertain if you are eligible to compete.

- No person who earns a living, or has ever earned a living, as an architect, architectural designer, draughtsman, builder, or interior decorator may enter the amateur section of this competition.
- Finalists will be required to sign a statutory declaration that their plan is their own unaided work and that they have not had advice or help from any architect, architectural designer, draughtsman, builder, or interior decorator.
- Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the judge's views of the relative merits of entries received. The decision of the judges will be final, and each competitor will enter the competition on that basis.

Australian songs in radio session

SPECIAL realistic sound effects of hoof beats were evolved by Macquarie Network producer Noel Judd, as a special background for the Australian composition "Never Never," sung by Neil Williams in the third presentation of The Australian Women's Weekly programme "Here's Your Song."

"Never Never" was written by an Australian woman, Lettie Catts, who won an A.B.C. song-writing competition with it, and in the opinion of producer Judd it is one of the most colorful national songs since "Waltzing Matilda."

Noel, who is also a composer of Australian songs and an associate member of the Australasian Performing Rights Association, will include local compositions in "Here's Your Song," when he is able to secure rights of Australian numbers that are up to standard at least one will be incorporated in each programme.

Perfect complement to Noel Judd's production of "Here's Your Song" is the relaxed, friendly style of the programme's compere, Leon Becker.

Leon comes from Haberfield, N.S.W., and has been in radio since 1940. He was on the staffs of 2CH and 2UW before joining 2GB in 1950.

"Here's Your Song" is heard at these times: Sydney, 7.15 p.m., Thursday (2GB); Melbourne, 7.15 p.m., Thursday (3AW); Brisbane, 6.30 p.m., Thursday (4BH); Maryborough, 7.15 p.m., Thursday (3CV); Adelaide, 6.45 p.m., Thursday (5DN); Perth, 6.45 p.m., Monday (6IX); Katanning, 6.45 p.m., Monday (6WB); Merredin, 6.45 p.m., Monday (6MD); Bridgetown, 6.45 p.m., Monday (6BY); Hobart, 7.15 p.m., Saturday (7HO); Launceston, 7.15 p.m., Saturday (7LA).

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 10, 1954

DUSKY BRIDE WORE WHITE SATIN



SHOWERED with confetti, Fred Ah Chee and his bride, formerly Myra Taylor, leave the church at Magill, S.A., for the reception. Both bride and groom are part-aboriginal.



BRIDAL PARTY at the wedding reception sit in front of their kinsman Namatjira's watercolors. From left, groomsman Peter Taylor, bridesmaid Lois O'Donoghue, the bride and groom, best man Ray Gardiner, and bridesmaid Muriel Brumbie. Only Ray is white.

Aboriginal wedding had a film star touch

An unusual wedding with a film star touch, at which the bride, bridegroom, bridesmaids, and groomsmen were all part-aborigines, attracted hundreds of people to a little Baptist church at Magill, South Australia.

ONLY the best man was a white boy.

The girls wore exquisite bridal array and the lads dark lounge suits, white shirts, and orthodox grey ties.

Aboriginal friends and relatives watched the ceremony. Some of them had come from as far afield as Alice Springs, Oodnadatta, and Victoria.

The bride, 21-year-old Myra Taylor, was beautifully gowned in white satin appliqued with guipure lace. With her needle-run tulle veil she wore a coronet of orange blossom and pearls. Her necklace was a double strand of pearls, and she carried a fragrant posy of tuberose and frangipani.

The bridesmaids, Muriel Brumbie and Lois O'Donoghue, wore nylon net and honiton lace frocks with short sleeves. Their head-dresses were tiny petalled "Royal" curvettes with short shoulder-length silver-threaded tulle veils.

Both girls are nursing, one at Royal Adelaide and the other at a private hospital.

The bride was one of a number of children who came from Quorn with the Colebrook Mission when it was driven out of the north by the drought of a decade ago.

The children from this home had been educated at the Quorn school.

Originally the bride came from Alice Springs.

Her 16-year-old brother, Peter, who was groomsman, still lives at Colebrook and attends Goodwood Technical School. He has shown a flair for drawing and has attended Saturday morning classes at the School of Arts. He often has a try with brushes and paints and nearly always paints the old haunts he remembers at Alice Springs, with their vivid colors and ghost gums.

He is also earning a reputation as a footballer, and last year won the Goodwood Colts' prize for being the fairest all-round player of the season.

Bridegroom Fred Ah Chee came from Alice Springs to live in the city. He is an electrician in private employment and has been given responsible jobs by his boss. He is 26.

His mother, Mrs. Rose Ah Chee, came from The Alice for the wedding. She is a gentle, plump little person.

She was too awed by the occasion to say much, and her sister Mrs. Nana Bennett, of Oodnadatta, acted as her spokeswoman.

By the end of the reception she was sitting with moist eyes. "It's been a lot for her," said Mrs. Bennett, who told

me that she herself had always lived with white people.

Fred's sister-in-law, Ruby, wife of Charlie Ah Chee, was a smart young matron, tall, good-looking, and dressed in blue.

White friends

BEFORE her marriage Myra spent four years in the household of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Duguid, who gave the wedding reception at their gracious old home at Magill.

Dr. Duguid, who is president of the Aborigines' Advancement League and who has been an active crusader for the rights of colored people, gave Myra away.

"Myra has been one of the family, treated just as our own children are," he told me. "She is wonderful in a house and on three or four occasions when my wife has been very ill she has kept house for us perfectly."

The Duguids' son Andrew has just done Honors Maths at the Adelaide University and daughter Rosemary first-year Arts. They both worked hard looking after their guests' comfort and seemed always to have a jug of cool fruit squash in their hands.

Fred was a very shy young bridegroom as he rose at the reception to return thanks for the toast to his wife. It was quite a few seconds before he

found his voice, then he said: "Thank you all very much indeed for all you have done for my wife..."

Before he could add "and myself," the hundred or so guests cheered, hurrah-ed, and clapped at his first public naming of the girl at his side as "wife."

Best man Ray Gardiner read dozens of wires from old friends outback, and a gleam of happy recognition came into Myra's eyes as she heard old names and places mentioned. Her father, who couldn't get away for the wedding, airmailed a letter from Idracowra Station, via Alice Springs, where he works.

The bridal table was set at the head of one of the reception rooms. Dr. and Mrs. Duguid were there to advise on the toast procedure, and Myra cut the two-tiered cake, pieces of which the bridesmaids handed round to the guests.

It was a smart occasion that combined fashion and tasteful dressing. The popular white-flower earrings looked particularly effective worn by dark, young beauties, and sling-back shoes were the vogue.

Watercolors by aboriginal artist Albert Namatjira, who recently met the Queen, decorated the walls of the reception room. They depicted scenes from the great inland from which the tribal side of the newlyweds' ancestry was derived.

Namatjira's art has done much to lift the status of his kinsfolk in this country.

As I looked around and saw the young marrieds with their adorable little dark babies, saw Myra, now changed into her going-away "blues," toss her bridal bouquet, I felt that here the gap between white and aboriginal had been bridged, that these people no longer belonged to the past but to the present.



GUESTS at the wedding included children like these. From left, Mr. and Mrs. George Tongerie, with sons Denis and Peter, Mrs. Robert Ramsam, and her son, Robert Ramsam.



MOTHER of the groom, Mrs. Rose Ah Chee (left), and her sister Mrs. Nana Bennett look at the wedding presents. Mrs. Ah Chee came from Alice Springs for the ceremony.



HOSTS Dr. and Mrs. Charles Duguid accept cool drinks from guest Stephan Dodd at the reception they gave at their Magill home for the bride and groom. Stephan has been in Korea.

624 2" WAISTBAND PANTIE, 54/6
 This fabulous featherweight fits like a second skin, feels as comfortable as your own and really does smooth things to your hips. Detachable suspenders and an additional hygienic protector for easy laundering. Nylon-elastic net. S., M., L. to fit 21"-28" waists. In white, pink and black. 847 "Blue Bow" bra. Satin, pink only. B cup. 30"-36", 17/6.

It's fun to be in *Fancy Free*
 all-elastic girdles and panties

by *Berlei*

620 2" WAISTBAND GIRDLE, 47/6
 Here's the absolute minimum—a time-saving girdle for the quick-changing modern miss. Looks good, doesn't it? Feels wonderful, too! Superbly made in nylon-elastic net with a captivating nylon lace trim. S., M., L. to fit 21"-28" waists. White, pink and black. 840 Berlei bra. Cotton, white only. A, B, C cups. 30"-38", 16/6.

621 NEW SELF-PATTERNED FLORAL 2" WAISTBAND GIRDLE, 47/6
 Cute, sweet and so very feminine—you'd love this tiny, but terrific all-elastic girdle. The 2" waistband gives you an excitingly slender waist and the lace trim adds a final fresh, crisp touch. S., M., L. to fit 21"-28" waists. In white on white and pink on pink. 846 Berlei bra. Nylon, white or pink. B and C cups. 30"-38", 27/6.



they're tiny but terrific !

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UNDER A GUM TREE. Bess Kelly, of "Wallah," Boorowa (left), Rodger Kelly, of "Corringle," and Mrs. Gerald Dalton, of Gundagai, at meeting of the Boorowa Picnic Race Club.



AT THE BALL. Diana Merriman, of Yass (left), dances with Cameron Crisp, of "Hardwicke," Yass, and Margaret Raveling, of "Merryville," Yass, dances with Ian Boyce, of Neutral Bay, at the Picnic Race Club Ball.



Boorowa Picnic Races

AFTER fidgeting at a first attempt, Mr. and Mrs. James MacLeod's mare Maraira quietened down and stood quietly while Mrs. Keith MacPherson, wife of the president of the Boorowa Amateur Picnic Race Club, put a winning ribbon round her neck.

Maraira was probably as excited as everyone else on the course after she had won the main race of the day, the Bill Kelly Junior Memorial Cup.

A crowd of more than 700 people from Boorowa and surrounding districts thronged the racecourse for the Picnic Race Club's third annual meeting, and the day was unanimously voted a great success by racegoers.

"WHERE'S Blue Ocean?" I asked Ken Kelly, who races the horse, winner of the Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Royal Randwick, in partnership with his sister Bess, Mrs. Bill Kelly, Dick and Rodger Kelly. Ken told me that Blue Ocean was resting before racing again in Sydney. Blue Ocean may go to Adelaide to race while the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are there.

WONDERFUL party before the ball was given by Moya Barnes and her brother Bill at "Suffolk Vale," country home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Barnes. And a cocktail party for two hundred guests was held at the Boorowa Bowling Club by the president of the Picnic Race Club, Keith MacPherson, and Mrs. MacPherson.

THE wives of three visiting presidents of picnic race clubs watched the races together. They were Mrs. Jack Crichton, of "Murray Park," Young, Mrs. Maurice Shannon, of "Talmo," Yass, and Mrs. Warden Shepherd, of "Shepherd's Lodge," Wheeo, near Crookwell. Mrs. Shepherd could enjoy the races without a worry—the Crookwell picnics are over (they were on February 18)—but a lot of work lies ahead for Mrs. Shannon and Mrs. Crichton, with the Yass races on March 11 and 12 and Young following later on May 21.

PRETTY Cynthia Collins, of "Euralie," Yass, at the picnic, was full of plans for her trip abroad. She leaves for two months' holiday in Penang in about a fortnight's time, and will then sail on to England in the *Surriento*. Cynthia, who will be away for a year or eighteen months, will be able to get plenty of advice about an overseas trip from her sister, Deirdre, who returned home just over a year and a half ago.



AMATEUR RIDER Stan Graham, of Wagga, who rode *Dane Cavalier*, winner of the Lagoons Progressive Handicap, with Norma Dwyer, of "Tara," Boorowa.

PRESIDENT'S WIFE Mrs. Keith MacPherson, of "Getullalong," Boorowa, with the winner of the Bill Kelly Junior Memorial Cup, Maraira, owned by Mr. and Mrs. James MacLeod, of "Panuara," Junee.



PRETTY COUSINS Wendy Webster, of West Wyalong, and Judith Webster (right), of "Goonoongla," Bigga. Wendy was Judith's guest for the picnic race festivities.



DANCING at the Picnic Race Ball are Sue Snelling, of Clifton Gardens, and Ken Kelly, of "Wallah," Boorowa. Sue was a house guest of Ken and his sister, Bess.

FASHIONS at the picnics...

Philippa Healey, of "Freshfield," Boorowa, and her guest, Janece Deschamps, of Pymble, both chose full-skirted cottons. Philippa wore an elliptical lipstick-red cartwheel hat with her pewter-grey dress, and Janece teamed her citron-yellow dress with a black beret... Mrs. George Osborne wore a cherry-red dress with a camisole top appliqued with white guipure lace.

Anne



FEMININE PUNTERS. Mrs. Hector McFarlane, of Milly Milly, Young, Lorraine See, of Sydney, and Mrs. Lachlan Horsley, of "Yabtree," Tumblong, at the races.

Designed in Paris

● There is a wide range of difference in the autumn daytime fashions of Paris. The fitted midriff, the easy straight coat silhouette, and the varying skirt

lengths are all in the news. Tweed was never so important, and fur has never been used in more lavish ways. Red is blazing a new fashion trail in color.



DIOR'S superb late-day dress and coat ensemble (above) is made in white satin encrusted with snowflake sequins. For warmth in the snow Dior lines the coat with dark brown mink. The accessories are typical of the designer, matching platinum beret worn over the brow, and narrow-toed white satin shoes. The skirt is 16in. from the ground.



CASTILLO, at Jean Lanvin, designed the red velour coat (above). The model has straight easy lines and is trimmed with what Castillo calls a "propeller exit" bow at the back.



CASTILLO'S deep sapphire-blue velvet afternoon suit (above) and matching peaked pixie cap. The cap, worn back from the forehead, has a black weather matched to the shoes.



PIERRE BALMAIN'S red jersey afternoon dress (left) has the new opulent and rounded bosom-line achieved by crossing the fabric over the bustline. Note muff in black persian lamb.



DIOR'S three-piece daytime ensemble (above) is made in cognac-red wool. The suit has a slim short skirt and matching loose jacket with a belt. The large, flat, forward-corn plateau beret is in the same material as the suit. The short-cut above knee-length topcoat is a brand-new autumn daytime fashion.



DIOR'S late-day flower cap (left) is matched to a cravat and muff and worn with a deep bottle-green, collarless velvet coat. Large emerald stud earrings circled with pearls complete the elegant ensemble.



JACQUES FATH'S slender line, beltless princess dress (above) is made in a new Paris favorite—black-and-white tweed. The dress is worn with a short matching cape jacket and earth-brown accessories.

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A beautiful £100 wardrobe of clothes, you choose yourself from Hartnell of Melbourne.

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If unable to obtain, write to the above address, enclosing a 6/- postal note—your perfume and entry form will be forwarded immediately.

Contest closes noon, April 3, 1954, and the prize winners will be published in the "Women's Weekly" May 5 issue.



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YOUTH FEATURE by Nan Musgrove

That Shoulder Chip

Are you one of those unhappy people who go through life hunting for a hidden challenge in everything people say or do? Do you think of yourself privately as "proud," "sensitive," or "easily hurt"?

If you do, you probably carry a chip on your shoulder but don't recognise the symptoms.

HOWEVER you explain away your conduct to yourself, it all adds up to the same thing: you are far too ready to fly at the throat of anyone who remotely threatens your dignity or self-esteem. To others you are "touchy" and "prickly."

Unless you get rid of that chip on your shoulder it will wreck your emotional life, your social life, and your career.

You may keep the standard of your self-esteem flying, but you can be sure you will watch it fly alone.

The girl with the permanent chip on her shoulder continually searches for a hidden motive in every word or action of her friends.

There is no quicker way to become a social outcast.

Supposing a young man whom you have met rings you with an invitation to a dance or a show. It would be natural, surely, if you had no other date, to breathe a grateful "I'd love to" into the phone.

Do you? Or do you ponder deeply, asking yourself: "Now why has he asked me?"

Perhaps—and a thousand-and-one suspicions crowd into your mind. In the end, you hang up the phone with a "that-will-teach-him" bang. What could have blossomed into a friendship is dead.

Comes a time, of course, when a young man breaks past the barrier of suspicion, but you meet him warily. With innocent spontaneity he says, "My, but that's a pretty frock."

Now, a compliment is a compliment and a nice beginning. But you know that the frock, though smart and becoming, is two years old.

What do you do? Do you simply accept what he says? Or do you wonder if he is being sarcastic or is telling you subtly that his other dates wear more glamorous, newer clothes?

If you have this reaction, such a guileless compliment may be enough to start an evening of verbal thrust and parry.

Naturally, your first date with him is your last.

Suspicion can be equally devastating in your relationship with other girls. No one

with employers and fellow employees.

You have your position in office, shop, or factory neatly pinpointed.

If you are a secretary, the suggestion that you should do an hour or two's work as a typist to help out is interpreted as a plot to impose on you. Your dignity is at stake, and you rebel or become sullen.

Regardless of what you think your own motives are, your behaviour is soon tabbed by the boss and fellow-workers as "unco-operative." At best, you are left out of the more pleasant side of life in the place where you work; at worst, you are out of a job.

So the chronic chip-carrier goes through life ready at any moment to defend her dignity, her pride, and her self-esteem from all-comers.

Taxed with her peculiar behaviour, she explains it to her own satisfaction by saying that she was born with more pride than others.

The sad fact is that her explanation is simply not true. What makes her different is not her pride but her lack of confidence in herself as a person.

Deep in her heart she doubts that anyone could possibly love her, be interested in her welfare, or even enjoy her company.

Unless you have grown strongly into the habit of chip-carrying, there is hope for you. An honest check should show whether you have been scaring off friends or potential friends with your eternal suspicions.

If you plead guilty and face the problem, you can solve it with a little logic.

Look around you and you cannot fail to note that the happiest people are those who are ready to accept friendship when it is offered and have no silly fear of being patronised.

A bachelor's opinion:

THE LADY-KILLER

THE term has gone out of fashion now, but the dictionary defines "lady-killer" as a man devoted to making conquests of the opposite sex.

He's not exactly a wolf. He's rather the male counterpart of the girl who's not happy unless she has a lot of beaux on the string.

The lady-killer is the type who must boast of his conquests. He actually keeps a little index book and will proudly show it to his friends at any opportunity.

Intelligent girls can't be bothered with him, but, fortunately for him, he's usually attracted to the showy type of female with no brains.

Psychologists seem to have him well taped. They say that subconsciously he doubts his own masculinity, so he has to prove it to everybody and himself by endless conquests.

dare pay your share of a taxi fare, buy your theatre ticket. "I can pay for myself; what do you think I am—a poor relation?" is your first reaction.

It is this horror of humiliation which makes you wary in your choice of friends. No one, even with the finest motives in the world, can be your friend if she happens to be a little better endowed with money, possessions, or position.

The extended hand of friendship is instantly tabulated as condescension.

An overdeveloped sense of dignity and an unrelaxing guard against fancied injustice may well ruin your career by wrecking your relationship

DELIBERATELY dispensing ragtime from the depths of the cornbelt, Frank Petty's Trio etches two further old numbers on MGM5149. Mike da Napoli is due for my own special ritual of canonisation for the way he plays so consistently with his tongue in his cheek. "Lonesome and Sorry" is put in the shade rather by the flip, "Dew, Dew, Dewy Day," which introduces a short vocal by Petty himself. By the way, if the Trio rates high with you, don't overlook its LP disc released some time ago.

HERE'S a brace of Grimm fairy-tales for "hep kids" on DO70069. Yes, it's Steve Allen telling some more of his

DISC DIGEST

Bebop's Fables. He also plays the cool piano backgrounds. His two new stories in jive jargon are "Cinderella" and "Goldilocks and The Three Bears." Although some of the novelty has now worn off this sort of thing, due to the terrific bashing given to "St. George and the Dragonet," I think you'll be amused by these monologues. I like the casual way Allen slips in plugs for a posh perfume, a famous jazz magazine, New York's Palace Theatre, The Three Suns, and, best of all, his sly crack about Guy Lombardo. You won't guffaw, but you'll get many a chuckle out of this disc.

THIS is a novelty—Joni James reviving an old Eddie Cantor number, "My Baby Just Cares For Me," and she sounds terrific. More than a word of praise should go to a stunning background by an orchestra under a lad called Lew Douglas. Slightly revamped lyrics spotlight the charms of Liz Taylor and Lana Turner, a bit of shrewd publicity by the M.G.M. people who number this disc MGM5167. But there's better to come, for Joni backs this joyful tune with a brand-new hit in tango tempo, "Almost Always." The thrush has another smash on her hands, so just sit back and watch it go to town!

—BERNARD FLETCHER

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Use the deodorant with "Action Proof" Protection

Your most effective deodorant for checking perspiration and its offending odour.

Because only Odo-Ro-No has this new "Action-Proof" formula! Vastly superior to anything you've ever seen before.

Use Odo-Ro-No daily and be confident of complete 24-hour protection—no matter how active you are!

People on-the-go use **ODO-RO-NO**



What's a girl to DO?

She tries everything that comes in pots, tubes and what-have-you's. She swaps her soaps, changes her creams, labours with lotions. Yet when she wakes o'morning, her complexion still has the dull, muddy look. And the reason? She doesn't know that greasy skin foods are fantastically out of date.

She certainly doesn't know that Mercolized Wax nourishes and cleanses the skin—that it goes deep, deep down, gently dissolving the imperceptible particles of dried skin that clog the pores and de-glamourise the complexion. Overnight, Mercolized Wax would make her skin fresh, clear and glowing with health. Overnight, this non-greasy, instant-washing cream would work for her, achieving the miracle of a flawlessly lovely complexion. Mercolized Wax, used by the world's most alluring women, costs only 4/6. Every chemist has it.

MW 15.51

FOOT ITCH HELPED 1st DAY

Do your feet itch so badly that they nearly drive you crazy? Does the skin crack and peel? Are there blisters between your toes and on the soles of your feet? The real cause is a germ or fungus which you must kill to get rid of the trouble. At last it is possible to end these foot troubles with an American Hospital Discovery called Nixoderma. Nixoderma stops the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and fungus, and in 24 hours the skin begins to heal clear and smooth. Get Nixoderma from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee to heal your foot itch or money back.

Relieve Torture of BACKACHE

Are YOU tormented by backache, rheumatic pains? Doan's Backache Kidney Pills can bring you prompt relief. Rheumatic pains, headaches, puffiness under the eyes, disturbed nights, leg pains, are often a sign of sluggish kidneys failing to carry out their vital job of removing waste matter from the blood. So follow the lead of sufferers all over the world. At the first sign of kidney upset, get Doan's. Doan's should bring you swift, blessed relief, and set those lazy kidneys back to work again.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 10, 1954

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hold their shape . . drape superbly . .

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women wear
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—they're beautiful!*

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(Name withheld for professional reasons but original letter held in our files.)

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The world's original
CHLOROPHYLL TOOTHPASTE



Worth Reporting

YOUTHFUL conductor of the University Conservatorium Women's Ensemble at the Women's Organisations' luncheon for the Queen at St. Kilda Town Hall, Melbourne, is pretty, dark-haired Marie Bull.

Twenty-four-year-old Marie is a violinist in the Victorian Symphony Orchestra.

Her orchestra of 18 for the occasion is equally youthful. Their programme, although predominantly English, includes "The Blue Danube."

"To be uniformly tidy we are wearing pastel-colored frocks under our University gowns," said Marie.

The Bulls' home revolves round music. Marie's mother is an accomplished pianist, sister Beverley plays the flute, and Greta, the youngest of the family, is a cellist.

Beverley made the bamboo batons Marie has been using for rehearsals.

"It's easy to break a baton or fling it out of your hand when you are learning to use it," Marie explained. "I've broken several of Beverley's already. But the one for Her Majesty is a regulation wooden one."

WE fell into conversation with a five-year-old miss who was fishing off the end of Elizabeth Bay wharf, just a stone's throw from Sydney's mecca of all nations—King's Cross.

She asked where we came from, and when we told her we lived at the Cross she said impatiently: "Oh, I mean do you come from Austria or Czechoslovakia—places like that?"

We assured her we were born here, and in turn inquired where she was born. She gave us a look of sympathy and replied, "I'm only from England."

ALTHOUGH Anthony Thorne has called his new book "The Warm People," published by William Heinemann, the general impression left after reading it is that it is not so hot.

The author blends together a Caribbean curry, taking the negro country of Haiti as a base, tossing in a dash of voodoo, a sprinkling of gun-running, a mention of zombies, a sensation of sin, and sets the dish before the book's hero—Mr. John Prendergast, British-born U.N.O. official.

It's a sizzling mixture for bewildered young Prendergast, who gingerly explores for ingredients while drums beat and apricot-skinned lovelies offer help.

During the novel, the reader's passion for exploration may cool slightly, although Mr. Prendergast at the end lays down his eating-irons with a satisfied breath of relief.

Many years ago Mr. Anthony Thorne presented a feast for his followers, terming it "Cabbage Holiday."

Film's tilt at women

A NEW French film, "Adorable Creatures," which will be seen in Australia soon, caused a stir in London.

It deals—in the usual frank French fashion—with women's scheming ways of getting their men.

Most critics said it was too frank, and one wound up by commenting: "It's quite a savage satire on woman—the arch plotters."

The story of "Adorable Creatures"—and many pictures from the film—is in next Tuesday's (March 16) issue of A.M.

Home sweet home at Ballarat

AT last we know how to spell the name of the Victorian town which appears in the Post Office Guide as "B.A.L.L.A.R.A.T."

In the post came a folder about the Begonia Festival (coinciding with the Queen's visit on March 6) and a song which had the chorus: "B.A. double L. double A. R.A.T. Yes, that's Ballarat, and it's home sweet home to me."

For months Ballarat has planned to be at home to the Queen for a day, and to show her with pride the huge floral clock, 20 feet in diameter with hands 14 feet and 11 feet long.

Historic, and famed for its gold mines, the city was called Ballarat at the time of the Eureka Stockade, became Ballarat, and now appears to have reverted to the original name.

A PATRIOTIC note has been struck—literally—by a Melbourne music store for the Royal visit. Across their building in Collins Street is a 25ft. wide drape of blue with musical staves in contrasting white, setting out the treble notes of the first two bars of God Save the Queen.

Book News

I would have preferred another helping of that British-sounding treat. —H.F.

FANNY MORROW, daughter of an upper middle-class Dublin family, is observed by her clever lawyer cousin first as the 18-year-old bridesmaid at her sister's wedding in Kate O'Brien's "The Flower of May," from William Heinemann.

When he sees her again she has travelled in Europe with a cultivated, wealthy Belgian family, disciplined her adolescent love for its heir, and watched at her mother's deathbed.

Fanny, the dreaming beauty, has come very much into focus.

Perhaps too delicate in subject and treatment to appeal to the general reader, this story of a young girl's awakening will delight the discriminating. —A.B.

Cathedral record of Royal visit

THE page of the Visitors Book at St. Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne, signed by the Queen on February 28 is decorated with her and the Duke's coats of arms specially painted by Melbourne girl Valerie Edwards.

Valerie, who works with a Melbourne architectural firm, spent weeks of early morning work on the painting.

"It's difficult to work on parchment paper in artificial light," she explained. "I had to rise with the dawn each day and sit at the window catching all the daylight. I could before leaving for work."

"It was the most wonderful surprise of my life when I was asked to paint these pages," said Valerie. "I have thought of nothing else, eating, sleeping, or talking."

She drew in pencil, then painted in watercolours, the coats of arms on one page. On the opposite page she lettered in Old English style the date and details of the visit.

It is done in heraldic colors of red, blue, gold, and white. "Any other color I needed for the coats of arms had to be made from those," Valerie added.

Presented to the cathedral in 1890 by William Gilbert a'Beckett, of Jesus College, Cambridge, the magnificent English oak-bound book of gilt-edged parchment pages, with gilt corners and clasps, holds the signatures of famous visitors to the cathedral.

It is kept in its original, now very worn, leather case, and locked in the Chapter House safe.

First signature is that of Dr. E. W. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury in 1890.

The following pages hold the names of those who contributed £25 towards the cathedral building fund, and, later, the names of those who gave donations for the spire.

YOU'D have to go a long way beyond the Black Stump before finding a better collection of short stories than those provided by Australian writer Dal Stevens under the title of "The Gambling Ghost," published by Angus and Robertson.

And I'm willing to bet that the shades of Henry Lawson and Steele Rudd would laugh at these tall yarns about wonderfully intelligent sheepdogs, pink elephants who are terrified of pink kangaroo-shooters, and at Sammy, the Sand Mullet, who lived in the crook, prickly-pear country.

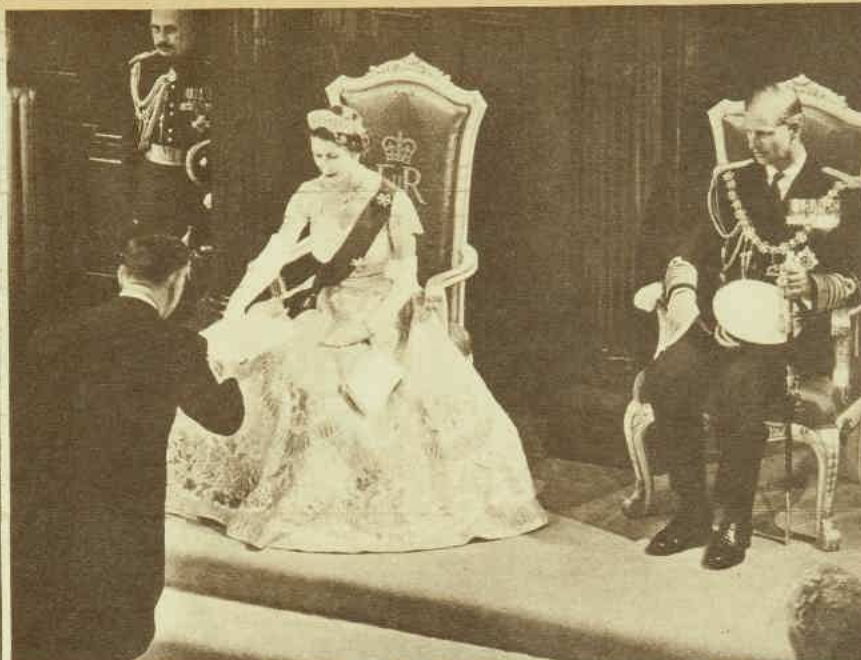
When Dal Stevens sets out to amuse, he does so with a fantastic dead-pan approach, which has brought gusts of mirth from Leeton to London, where so many of his stories have appeared in magazines.

When he is serious, as in the allegories "The Remarkable Cockerel," "The Genius," and "The Big-hearted Racehorse," it is time to admire the clarity of his prose and his gift as a narrator. —H.F.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 10, 1954



LIKE HER FATHER



LIKE HER MOTHER

FAMILY ALBUM



ENRICHING the Royal tour of Australia are the loving memories of other members of the Royal line recalled by the Queen's likeness to her family. An expression or a gesture is enough to evoke a flood of reminiscences. "She's like her Dad" seems to be the unanimous opinion of the people who remember her parents' 1927 visit, but others liken her to her aunt, the Princess Royal, her grandmother, Queen Mary, the Queen Mother, and Princess Margaret.



LIKE HER SISTER



LIKE HER AUNT



LIKE HER GRANDMOTHER



You'll feel lovelier

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A Royal Family of fabrics, indeed, designed for every occasion in your life! These are the luxuriously soft fabrics that drape perfectly, move with your body's movements, are stretch and wrinkle resisting. 'Celanese' Acetate—your guarantee of quality.



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for your summer
skirts and blouses.



Make sure it's a **'Celanese'** Acetate beauty fabric

DRESS SENSE

● Keyed to contemporary living is the short-skirted party dress. The one illustrated below has an oval decolletage and swirling skirt.

by
**Betty
Keep**



D.S. 76.—One-piece dress in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE autumn fashion flash above answers the query of a reader who writes:

"NOW that autumn is coming on I want to make a new frock for several evening parties I am going to. The men won't be wearing tuxedos, so do you think a frock with a short skirt would be in order?"

For your new party dress I have chosen the design sketched above, a fresh, pale dress made in silk—it could be moire taffeta or paper shantung. It is a dress I am quite sure will do lots for your morale and your wardrobe, and is the perfect answer for the occasions when your escort does not wear a black tie.

Fashion points to note in the design: Covered shoulder-line, three-quarter-length sleeves, decolletage oval neck-line. Note, too, the flattering lines of the close-fitting bodice and the moulded waist that breaks into a swirling skirt.

A paper pattern is obtainable for the dress in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust; the price is 3/6. See caption next to sketch for further details and how to order.

"I AM writing for advice about a mid-winter wedding. If you think it suitable I want it to be an all-white wedding, but I want the two bridesmaids' dresses in a different material from that of the bride's frock. Please give me your opinion on suitable

materials, flowers, and bridesmaids' headdresses."

I think an all-white winter wedding would be lovely. Silver-white brocade worn with a white tulle veil with white velvet for the bridesmaids is my choice for the material. I suggest a sheaf of long-stemmed white roses for the bride, and for the bridesmaids I like the idea of white fur muffs (in place of flowers) matched to tiny plateau berets.

"WOULD you kindly suggest a color for a between-seasons silk costume?"

If you want a pastel shade, suits in champagne tones look chic and new. For a dark suit, navy and caviar are two popular colors.

"I AM writing in the hope that you can give me an idea for something different and attractive for a pair of warm pyjamas. I am quite a good needlewoman and am rather keen on hand-work."

My suggestion for material is soft white wool, and for the design I like the idea of a yoked jacket cut full and worn with straight pants. Have the bodice yoke embroidered with red polka dots and the edge of the yoke scalloped in a matching shade of red. Have the dots and scallops repeated on a large patch hip-pocket.

Have the yoke high to the throat, finishing with a tiny self ruffle. Sleeves could be long or short, according to taste.

"I WOULD like your help with a new suit, the color and style, and also the type of hat to wear with it. I would like an unusual suggestion for the hat. I have dark hair, a pale skin, and good complexion; my age is 26 years."

A now-into-autumn suit would be chic and new made in camel color or in a beige wool. Have the jacket straight and slightly boxy, double breasted, and finished with a classic collar and revers—hip length. Have the skirt narrow and 15in. from the ground. A pixie cap and matching gloves made in pailley silk would be smart accessories to wear with the suit.

"WILL an evening frock with a narrow skirt still be fashionable for next season? If so, what will be the most popular type?"

A moulded floor-length sheath dress with fullness swept to the back in the form of a panel or bow (placed low) is newer than all-round slimness. These long, narrow-line dresses are beltless, although some have the waistline marked by a seam. In this category dresses are mainly designed with strapless bodice tops. Actually, one of the newest things about slenderness is that it doesn't look tight, but it is given sufficient ease to make a woman look slender—not hobbled.



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A shampoo
that lifts
that soap veil
and
Freshens
YOUR HAIR



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IN 4 OZ. AND 2 OZ. SIZES.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMAN'S WEEKLY—March 10, 1954

The woman behind BILL KENDRICK

By CAMERON HAWLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY DALGLEISH

As further evidence in the never-ending debate over the manner by which the female of the species attracts the male, I wish now to submit the case of Lisa Kendrick.

She had that power of attraction to a most unusual degree—and a temperament that allowed her to use it. The power I appreciated at once. The temperament I did not understand until later.

I met Lisa Kendrick a few years ago when I was associated with a company manufacturing machinery. Through good fortune, coupled with a little adroit manoeuvring, I had managed a trip to San Francisco. Ostensibly, I was there to attend a convention. Actually, my prime but unrevealed purpose was to gather background material for a novel I was planning to write.

In addition to those two purposes, I had an extracurricular assignment, given to me by Scott Judding, our vice-president. The day before I left Pittsburgh, he called me into his office to talk about an assistant sales manager's post that had gone unfilled for several months.

"Confidentially," he said, "I'm having trouble making up my mind whom to promote. One of the men I'm considering is Bill Kendrick, our salesman in San Francisco. He has a great sales record, but I'm not sure he's the right man for a home-office job. While you're out there, I wish you'd make an effort to get to know him personally, then let me know what you think."

Despite my protest that I was unqualified to pass judgment, Scott Judding insisted, and I finally agreed. As I was going out the door, he added, "Might not be a bad idea to invite his wife, too. Wives are important, you know."

I didn't remember having heard that Bill Kendrick had married.

"Oh, yes," Scott said. "Year or more ago. Saw her for a moment when I was out there last autumn. Seemed most attractive. Her name, I recall, is Lisa."

My only memory of Bill Kendrick went back six years when he had been around the office taking his post-college training prior to joining the sales force—a big, broad-shouldered hunk of a boy.

His appearance and manner suggested that he had gone through college on athletic prowess rather than scholarship, and it was evident that whatever success he might attain as a salesman would derive from some source other than his technical knowledge of machinery. Apparently, however, he had done all right. If he hadn't, Scott Judding wouldn't be considering him for an assistant sales manager's post.

When I got to my hotel in San Francisco, I found a note asking me to call Kendrick's home. I rang the number, and Lisa answered, and explained that Bill was down at the convention putting the finishing touches on our exhibit. He wanted to have dinner with me that evening.

It was late, and I was tired, but I found myself agreeing to meet him in a half hour at a restaurant Lisa named. Her voice, even over the telephone, had considerable power of attraction. There was no need to follow Judding's suggestion that she be asked to join us. Her voice made me take it for granted she would be there.

When I entered the restaurant, I found myself in a dimly lit cubicle scarcely large enough to contain the four-stooled bar. Beyond were only eight tables. Bill Kendrick was nowhere in sight.

Then I saw her. Except for the bartender, she was the only person in the room. She was perched cross-legged on one of the high bar stools, her eyes catching my entrance with a look of

To page 33

One's first impression at Kendrick's wife was of gold—gold colors in an infinite variety of shades and tones and ages.



COTY PRESENTS
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IDEAL FOR ALL SKIN TYPES



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Light and sheer, never greasy, it feels different, even on the most sensitive skin. It covers gloriously, transforms dull complexions with vibrant colour, makes even the finest lines and wrinkles seem to disappear. The beauty of its flawless finish lasts for hours, yet it is non-drying; never does it make your skin feel tight and mask-like. "Instant Beauty" has a miraculous texture. It never shines through your face powder, doesn't cake like greasy foundations, yet takes and holds your rouge and face powder—makes them behave!

Blend "Instant Beauty" easily, smoothing with the fingertips, apply Coty Rouge, then Coty "AirSpun" Face Powder—and watch your skin come alive.

Coty make-up harmony is the secret of loveliness—



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Skirt Style No. 500/67 in Mar. knit-pleated crepe.
Blouse Style No. 666/75 in Breckinridge Angora.

Concluding our engrossing serial

DETECTION UNLIMITED

BY GEORGETTE HEYER

FOR a moment Inspector Harbottle could only stare, rendered temporarily speechless by the amazing theory the Chief-Inspector had just put forward. "You say Warrenby wasn't shot at 7.15?" he said at length.

Hemingway nodded. "Exactly." Harbottle fell silent again. "Very well, sir," he said at last. "I can see several reasons for thinking you're wrong. I'd like to know what the reasons are for thinking you're right. Because you haven't jumped to a conclusion like that simply because you want to make out the murder was carefully planned."

"I haven't jumped at all," replied Hemingway. "I've been adding up all those bits and pieces of information which didn't seem to lead anywhere."

"The biggest mistake I made was in accepting as a fact that the time of the murder was fixed. To go on, the next thing was that I was given a highly significant piece of information by Miss Warrenby. She told me, the very first time I saw her, that her uncle very rarely sat out-of-doors. Well, I didn't pay any particular heed to that, because it didn't seem to matter any more than the doctor's evidence. There the corpse was, sitting in the garden, with a bullet through the left temple, and there the cartridge case was, lying just where you'd expect to find it, supposing Warrenby had been shot while he was on that seat."

The inspector sat up. "Are you going to say he wasn't shot in the garden at all?"

"I should think very likely he wasn't," replied Hemingway coolly. "We'll hope he wasn't, because if we can prove he was actually shot somewhere else we shall have gone a long way to prove he wasn't shot at 7.15, either. He was probably shot an hour earlier, which brings me to the third bit of seemingly irrelevant information handed to me last night by old Father Time. Only what with his daughter and Hobkirk telling me he was soft in his head, besides being Thornden's Public Enemy No. One, and it's standing out a mile that he had a spite again Reg Ditchling—not to mention the ambition he's got to have his picture in the papers on top of that—I'm bound to say I didn't set any store by anything he said."

He gave a heavy sigh. "The last bit of information I was handed came from that blond cook of Warrenby's, which was where I began to pull myself together, because I didn't miss that. And if Warrenby never went out in his slippers, or without his hat, it looks more than ever as though he wasn't killed out-of-doors."

The inspector was still staring incredulously. "But the shot Miss Warrenby heard—"

"Fired to mislead us, as it has done most effectively, probably at one of the trees in the grounds of Fox House," Hemingway said briskly.

He continued thoughtfully, "What we have to remember is that what we've all been thinking was a narrow shave for our operator was just as carefully planned as the rest of it. He wanted Miss Warrenby on the spot as a witness; he wanted the shot to sound natural; and he didn't want the bullet to be

found. Our point is now—just what did he aim at?"

He paused, thinking, then added, "Putting myself in his place I should have aimed for the elm tree. It's the only tree on this side of the lane with a big enough trunk for the purpose. Let's go and take a look at it!"

They descended into the lane and walked up it a few yards to where the elm tree stood. The inspector glanced back at the gorse bushes, silently calculating.

"You're not looking high enough, chief," he said. "If it's there, I should expect to find it a good ten feet above the ground."

"You would?" said Hemingway, staring up the bole of the tree. "You're very good, Horace; what do you make of that gaze?"

The inspector strode quickly to his side and gazed up at a gleam of pale color where a small splinter had been chipped from the tree trunk. There was a good deal of surprise in his face, not unmixed with awe. "Well, I'll be—I do believe you're right, sir!" he exclaimed.

"Well, don't say it in that tone of voice! What we want now is a ladder or a pair of steps. Got a knife on you, Horace?"

The inspector nodded. "Yes, I've got that, but where do we find the steps?"

"We'll borrow them from the house," said Hemingway. "That is, if Gladys is in. If she's got the afternoon off we'll see if there's a ladder in the gardener's shed."

THE inspector said gloomily, "The shed's sure to be locked. And if you ask that girl for a ladder she'll be bound to come and watch what we do with it."

"She won't, because I shall keep her in the kitchen asking her a whole lot of silly questions."

They walked up the straight path which led from the tradesmen's gate to the back door. The sound of loud music seemed to indicate that Gladys had not got the afternoon off, but was listening to a musical programme turned on at full blast.

So it proved. Gladys was polishing the table silver, and came to the door with the leather in one hand. The manner of her greeting to Hemingway led the inspector to infer that his chief had not scrupled to charm and to flatter her at their previous encounter. He cast a sardonic glance at Hemingway, but that gentleman was already engaged in an exchange of badinage. Beyond saying, "Whatever do you want a ladder for?" Gladys raised no demur at lending her employer's property to the police.

She gave Harbottle the key to the gardener's shed, warning him that if he didn't put the ladder back where he found it the gardener wouldn't half raise Cain on the morrow, and invited Hemingway to step into the kitchen and have a cup of tea. The kettle, she said, was just on the boil.

When the inspector reappeared, some fifteen minutes later, he interrupted a promising tete-a-tete, and it did not seem to him that his superior had found it necessary to ask his hostess any questions, silly or sensible. Gladys sat on one side of the table, both her elbows

planted on it, and a cup of very strong and very sweet tea held between her hands, and as the inspector came in she was giggling and telling Hemingway that he was a one and no mistake.

"If my Bert was to hear you I don't know what he wouldn't do!" she said.

"Ah!" said Hemingway, briefly meeting the inspector's eyes over her head. "If I were a marrying man I'd cut your Bert out!"

"Sauce!" said Gladys, greatly delighted. She looked over her shoulder at Harbottle, and added, politely, but without enthusiasm, "Would your friend like a cuppa?"

"No, he never drinks it," said Hemingway, rising to his feet. "Besides, two's company, and three's none. Now, I've just got to check up on one or two points. Any objection to my going into the study?"

Gladys stared at the clock.

"Fat lot of good it would be to start objecting to you policemen!" she remarked. "I don't mind, but can't you wait a bit? It's just on the quarter and I can't miss Mrs. Dale's Diary. Sit down, the pair of you, and listen to it. It's ever so nice."

"No, we mustn't do that, because we've got to get back to Bellingham," said Hemingway. "There's no need for you to come with us to the study, though. You stay here and listen-in. I'll see the inspector doesn't go pinching anything." "You haven't half got a nerve. More likely him as'll keep an eye on you, I should think! You won't go turning the room upside down, will you?"

Hemingway assured her that he would preserve apple-pie order in the room, and as, at that moment, a voice suddenly announced, "Mrs. Dale's Diary, a story of the daily happenings of a doctor's wife," she temporarily lost interest in him and turned the face of a confirmed addict towards the radio.

Hemingway left the kitchen quietly and, followed by Harbottle, went along the passage at the back of the house to the hall.

"You found it?" Hemingway asked then.

Inspector Harbottle opened his hand, disclosing a small piece of lead.

"Now we're getting somewhere!" said Hemingway. "We'll send that off to town with the one that was dug out of Warrenby's head. Knarsdale can take it up tonight."

"I wish I thought there was a hope of finding the cartridge case of that one," said the inspector.

"Well, there isn't, and I should say there never was. Our operator didn't leave much to chance. We were meant to find the one under the gorse bush. We weren't meant to find the other, and we shan't."

He led the way into the study as he spoke.

"Over by the desk!" he said briefly. "He was probably shot while he was sitting behind it. There wouldn't have been much blood, but there must have been some."

The carpet was a thick Turkey rug with a groundwork of red and a sprawling pattern of blue and green. On his hands and knees, Hemingway said, "Fresh blood falling on this wouldn't show up. Easy to miss it." A moment later he



exclaimed, "Come here and tell me what you make of this!"

The inspector went to him, took the magnifying glass held out to him, and through it stared at two very small spots on the carpet which showed darker than the surrounding red.

"Might be," he grunted.

"Cut 'em off!" commanded Hemingway. "It's a lucky thing it's one of these shaggy rugs. Give me that glass again."

With its aid he presently discovered another stain, fainter and rather larger, as though it had been smeared over.

"And I think that proves my theory, Horace," he said cheerfully. "It also accounts for the fountain pen left with its cap off," he remarked. "I ought to have paid more attention to that when Carsethorn told me that's how he found it. Come on! That sounds like my blonde coming to look for me!"

They took their leave and walked off down the lane. As they came within sight of Fox Cottage, they saw that an animated group was gathered at its gate. For the animation, what, at first glance, appeared to be a pride of Pekes was responsible.

Closer inspection revealed that only five of the Ultimas were present, four of them harnessed on couplings, and winding themselves round their owner's legs, and the fifth, in whose stately mien Hemingway recognised Ulysses, the patriarch, unrestrained by a leash.

Young Mr. Haswell's car was parked in the lane, but he and Mrs. Midgeholme both stood outside the gate. On the other side of it, and leaning on its top bar, were Miss Patterdale, wearing an overall and gardening gloves, and her niece, looking remarkably pretty in a pink linen frock and an enormous and floppy sunhat.

All four were engaged in discussion, Mrs. Midgeholme's demeanor being particularly impressive, and none of them noticed the approach of the detectives until Ulysses attracted attention by stinking up the lane towards the newcomers and uttering a threatening bark.

Now, what's the matter with you, old High and Mighty? Nice way to greet your friends!" said Hemingway, stooping to pat Ulysses.

Ulysses' eyes started with indignation at this familiarity. He growled, but he was not a dog of hasty disposition, and before proceeding to extreme measures he sniffed the Chief Inspector's hand and realised that here was, if not a friend, at least a bowing acquaintance. His mighty mane sank, he slightly waved his tail, and sneezed.

"Isn't he the cleverest old fellow?" exclaimed Mrs. Midgeholme. "He knows you quite well." She added sagely, "I guessed I should find you here. I saw the police car just around the corner, waiting, and I put two and two together."

"Don't be a fool, Flora!" said Miss Patterdale trenchantly.

"You don't suppose the Chief Inspector wants to listen to all these idiotic theories of yours, do you? And, if you'll all excuse me, I'll get back to my weeding."

She favored Hemingway with a curt nod and strode off to where she had left her tug and gardening fork.

Mrs. Midgeholme looked a trifle disconcerted, but laughed.

"Dear old Miriam!" she said. "I always say, Abby, that your aunt is quite a character. But I particularly wanted to see you, Chief Inspector. I hoped to catch you this morning, but it was not to be. You got my message?"

This question, uttered in a somewhat suspicious tone, seemed to be addressed as much to Harbottle as to Hemingway, and it was he who answered it at his most wooden.

"Now, I know perfectly well that you think I'm interfering," said Mrs. Midgeholme, upon receiving his assurance, "but what I feel is that anyone who lives in Thornden is bound to know more about all the people than a stranger. You see, the thing is, I've just been giving my angels a run on the common, Chief Inspector, and I met that dreadful old man, Biggleswade, and he told me all about what he thinks happened on Saturday. Well, of course, it's nonsense to suppose young Ditchling had anything to do with it, because anyone who knows the

family could tell you at once that they're all above suspicion. I don't mind saying that my first thought was that he was lying. And then it came to me in a flash!"

She paused dramatically, and Hemingway said, with an air of interest, "I did?"

"He was going by the church clock!" said Mrs. Midgeholme triumphantly. "Summertime, you know! It's never changed, so it's an hour wrong. So when he thought the time was 6.15 it was really an hour later!"

There was a decided twinkle in Hemingway's eye, but all he said was, "I see."

It was apparent that Abby, Charles, and Inspector Harbottle were all wrestling with an unspoken problem. It was Charles who first reached a conclusion. "Earlier!" he said.

"Wait a bit!" commanded Abby. "Do we put the clocks on or back?"

"Back," said Charles positively. "So if the

church clock says 6.15 it's really 5.15. By summer time, I mean. So that puts the lid on that. Sorry, Mrs. Midgeholme!"

"Well, I'm glad we've settled that point," said Hemingway. "Not but what I'm very grateful to Mrs. Midgeholme for the trouble she's taken. I shall have to be getting along now."

He took his leave of the party and went away with Harbottle to where the car awaited them. Mrs. Midgeholme, looking rather disgruntled, also went off.

"What do you suppose they were doing up at Fox House?" said Abby, watching the two detectives turn the corner into the main road.

"Probably having another look at the terrain," said Charles.

He turned his head and looked down at

Illustrated by

Frank Beck

"Charles! What are you doing here?" Abby cried delightedly, turning from the Chief Inspector.

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Abby. "You stood me up yesterday; what about running down to Filly Cove now?"

"Don't you ever do any work?" asked Abby.

"I do a great deal of work. I've been out on an important job this very afternoon. If you need reassurance I shan't get the sack for not returning to the office. I'm a full partner, let me tell you! No, you don't!"

Miss Dearham, about to retire strategically, found her right wrist clamped suddenly to the top of the gate and at once protested. She said that Charles was hurting her arm, upon which he lifted her wrist and kissed it.

Much shaken, she could think of nothing to say, but, blushing, peeped up at him under the huge brim of her hat. Charles, quick to seize opportunity, kissed her in good earnest.

"What on earth are you doing?" demanded Miss Patterdale, suddenly emerging from her little potting-shed.

"Asking Abby to marry me," responded Charles brazenly.

"Nonsense! You don't ask a girl to marry you in front of her aunt!"

"I've already made several attempts to ask her to marry me not in front of her aunt, but you always turn up just as the words are hovering on my tongue!" Charles retorted.

Miss Patterdale looked suspiciously from one flushed face to the other.

"Well, I don't know what the world's coming to. I'm sure!" she said. "Kissing and cuddling across my garden gate! If you really are going to marry Abby you'd better come inside and stop making a public exhibition of yourself! Are you going to marry her?"

Charles looked at Abby. "Am I, my only love?"

"Yes," said Abby. "If—if you think we could make a do of it, I'd like to—aw! le!"

"Well, if that's a proposal I'm glad I never received one!" said Miss Patterdale. "However, it'll give you both something to think of besides meddles in a murder inquiry, so I daresay it's a good thing. I'll go and put the kettle on for tea."

Continuing Detection Unlimited

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"That," said Charles, releasing his betrothed, and opening the gate. "I take to be an invitation and a general blessing. That's better! Now I can kiss you properly and forget the murder! Who cares?"

Miss Dearham returned his embrace with fervour, but said, as soon as she was able to say anything. "As a matter of fact, I've rather lost interest in it, too. Though I should like to know what those detectives were doing up the lane and what they're up to now."

They were, in fact, being driven back to Bellingham, and as neither placed any great reliance on Constable Melkintorpe's discretion, their conversation would scarcely have interested Miss Dearham. It was not until they had been set down at the police station, and Inspector Harbottle had given the deformed bullet he had dug out of the elm tree into the safekeeping of Sergeant Knarsdale, that the murder of Sampson Warrenby was even mentioned.

"That looks like a 22 bullet, all right," the sergeant said. "Well, if the rifle wasn't the last you brought in, sir, I'm blessed if I know what to make of it!"

"What we found out this afternoon puts an entirely different complexion on things," said Hemingway. "You get going, Knarsdale! I want the report on that little fellow as soon as I can get it! Horace, ask the chaps here for the Firearms Register and bring it along to me!"

When the inspector presently entered the small office he found his superior sorting the papers that had been taken from Sampson Warrenby's desk.

"We must have Coupland on to these," Hemingway said, putting them aside. "There's one letter which seems to be written in answer to something I can't yet find, but it's a job for him, not for me. Got the register? Good!"

Silence reigned for a few minutes while Hemingway studied it. Suddenly he looked up.

"We're getting warmer, Horace. I find here that when his firearms permit was last renewed a couple of years back the late Walter Plennmeller had a 22 Colt Woodsman automatic pistol in his collection, which, let me tell you, was not in the gun cabinet at Thornden House. Now then!"

The inspector came quickly round the corner of the desk to stare down at the entry.

"Could you carry a gun like that without anyone knowing it?" demanded Hemingway.

"I suppose it could be done," admitted Harbottle. "But, what for?"

"Seems to me it's time we did a little research into Plennmeller's affairs," said Hemingway, rather grimly.

INSPECTOR HARBOTTLE was frowning. "Yes, I see we shall have to, but what I'm thinking is that no one here knows anything against him. And I can't help feeling that if there was anything we should have been told fast enough. People don't like him, and the way they've all been searching for clues and motives you'd have expected several of them to have sicked us on to him, wouldn't you?"

"No, I wouldn't. Whatever it was that Warrenby found out—if that was the motive for his murder—you can bet your life it was something no one else knew anything about. That's obvious."

"You're thinking Warrenby may have tried to blackmail him? That wasn't what was in my head, sir. To my mind, it was more likely he did Plennmeller some sort of an injury, because Plennmeller's the type of man who might easily kill out of sheer revenge, only I haven't discovered a trace of anything like that. What's more, I put it to you, chief, would he have gone round telling people he must take steps to get rid of Warrenby if he'd

meant to shoot him? That's the last thing a murderer does!"

"Yes, my lad," said Hemingway, in a dry voice. "And that's something he knows quite as well as you do. If he's the man I'm looking for, then I freely hand it to him! He's been remarkably clever. The killing wasn't done in some highly ingenious way that might have made us pay particular attention to a man who spends his life writing detective problems; he didn't try to fake an alibi for himself; he's told me and everyone else that he hated Warrenby's guts, and he's even told us all that he's quite capable of murdering someone, which I never doubted."

"You don't think he could have done it just because he did hate Warrenby, do you?" asked the Inspector.

"No, I don't. Having Warrenby was a lot more likely to make him think up ways of getting under his skin, which I've a strong notion he did do. Warrenby wouldn't like that. We know what happened when he got a snub from Lindale. I'll bet he had worse to put up with from Plennmeller!"

"Now, wait a bit, chief!" protested the inspector. "If Warrenby was blackmailing him he wouldn't have dared get under his skin!"

Hemingway shook his head. "I don't think it was ordinary blackmail. He hadn't anything Warrenby could want any more than Lindale had. But we know from what his clerk told us that Warrenby liked to find things out about people. He said you never knew when it might come in handy, and in the meantime it gave him a nice feeling of power. I should say he didn't really mean to let on to Lindale he knew what his secret was: he lost his temper and out it came."

"Well, now, supposing he did know something to Plennmeller's discredit? Do you imagine he'd put up with Plennmeller being rude to him, shoving spokes in his wheel, and running him down to all and sundry if he could bring him to heel just

by telling him that he knew what his secret was? If you ask me, Horace, he'd have thoroughly enjoyed lowering Plennmeller's crest! Anyone would, for that matter! Only that's where he slipped up; Plennmeller isn't the type it's safe to blackmail."

"That may be," agreed Harbottle, "but I'd also say he isn't the type you could blackmail easily! I mean, from the way he talks you'd think the chances are he'd be more likely to boast of having done something wrong than to try to keep it dark! Well, I ask you, sir! Look at the brazen way he told us he'd driven his brother to his death!"

"As a matter of fact," said Hemingway slowly, "I was thinking of that. All things considered, I believe I'll take a look at that case. Did you read the whole of it?"

"The inquest on Walter Plennmeller? I haven't read any of it, barring the letter he left."

Hemingway looked at him with a gathering frown. "What, didn't you even glance over the report? What made you pick the letter out?"

The inspector blinked. "That's all there was. I found it in one of the tin boxes. I haven't been through any of the coroner's records."

"Do you mean to tell me," said Hemingway, "that Warrenby had taken that letter out of the proper file and put it among his own papers?"

"Yes, I suppose he must have, sir. I don't really know what they do with the reports on inquests. As Warrenby was the coroner, I didn't make much of it, except to wonder whether he wanted that letter to taunt Plennmeller with, perhaps."

"Next time you find a document like that where it has no business to be perhaps you'll be so good as to tell me!" said Hemingway wrathfully. "I thought you'd been running through that case!" He pulled open a drawer in the desk, and turned over the papers it contained.

A good deal chagrined, the inspector said: "I'm sorry, sir. But there was nothing to the case! I had a talk with Car-

thorn about it and it was a straight case of suicide, all right!"

Hemingway had found the letter and was re-reading it. "Then what made Warrenby take this out of the record? Don't talk nonsense to me about wanting to taunt Plennmeller with it! Much he'd have cared! It must already have been read aloud in court!"

"After what Coupland said to us, sir, I only thought it was rather typical of the man to want to get his hands on something to Plennmeller's disadvantage. Which, to my way of thinking, it is, because it shows him up to be a heartless sort of man, deliberately getting on his brother's nerves. But I'm sure I'm very sorry."

"All right, I ought to have asked you where you found it. Get me that file! If the office is shut, find out where Coupland lives and—"

"You needn't worry, sir! I'll get it," interrupted the inspector, his back very rigid.

"And find out if the Chief Constable's in the building! If he is, I'd like a word with him at his convenience."

A few minutes later he was sitting in Colonel Scales' room, where the colonel inquired with interest if he had anything special to report.

"I think so, sir," said Hemingway. "Putting it baldly, Sampson Warrenby wasn't shot at 7.15; and in all probability he wasn't shot with a rifle."

Colonel Scales stared at him. "How do you arrive at that?" he asked.

Hemingway told him. He listened in attentive silence, surprise in his face, and a good deal of respect, but when Hemingway reached the end of his story, and said, with a rueful smile: "I missed a lot of points on this case, and I don't deny it," he gave a gasp.

"Did you, indeed?" he exclaimed. "You must set yourself a pretty high standard! But this alters the whole case! If the murder was committed between 6.00 and 6.30, you've narrowed the field considerably."

"Unless it was committed by

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 10, 1954

The Lonely People

By Sol Baizman

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THE girl sat down next to the young man and selected a copy of a woman's fashion periodical. Without interest, she opened it near the beginning. The young man picked up his magazine and turned a page.

For some time they sat that way, reading the same paragraph over and over, or occasionally looking up to stare out the window, or to glance past each other's profile. If their eyes happened to meet, they went back to their reading.

The young man took out a cigarette and lit it. He dropped the match in a standing ash-tray.

He blew out a puff of smoke and the girl coughed.

"Excuse me," he said. Nervously, his voice squeaked a little. "I'll put out the cigarette if it bothers you."

"No, that's all right," she said. "It isn't the cigarette. I have a little cold."

"I guess this is the time of year for it," he said.

"I suppose so," she said.

They fell silent, while the clock, which had seemed so quiet before, slowly ticked away with loud relentlessness.

"Do you live near here?" the young man said finally.

She nodded. "In Smith Street."

"I live in Gardener's Road," he said. "I guess that makes us neighbors."

"I wouldn't say that exactly," she said. "I always thought you had to live right next door to somebody to be neighbors."

"Well, I don't know; it all depends." His words came out in a rush as though he was eager to prolong the conversation.

"Sometimes you can live right in the same building with someone and never even get to say hello. And then you can live around the corner or down the street from somebody else and get to be real friends."

"I suppose you're right," she said. "I still don't know any of the people who live in my building."

"How long have you lived there?"

"About three months. I'm from the country."

"What are you doing here?"

"Office work, that's all."

"Nothing wrong with that. A lot of people do office work."

"I didn't mean it like that. It's just that it seems rather silly to come all that way and then end up doing office work."

"Yes," the young man said, "especially in a city."

"That's exactly it," the girl said.

The young man studied her as she stared out the window for a moment.

He was conscious that she wore a smart, gay frock with stripes and had a piece of the same material tied around her hair in a gipsy sort of way. He usually didn't care

about scarves on girls' heads but this was certainly rather different.

She was quite pretty . . . though he had noticed that before. Her nose was slightly irregular, but that only intensified, for him, the interesting qualities of her face.

"You take a place like home," she said at last. "It's very nice to live in, but one day you realise you want more than that terribly monotonous sameness, getting up, going to work, coming home, going to sleep, and the same thing the next day. You think maybe it'll be different in the city." She shook her head. "I guess it really doesn't matter where you live. It can be just as monotonous."

"The way I look at it," the young man said, "you have to have the right person. That's the thing that counts."

The girl nodded. "Yes, that's very true. That's the most important thing. Then you could live anywhere and be happy," she added, wistfully, looking at the young man.

He put out his cigarette. "And if you didn't have someone who meant a lot to you," he said, "what difference would it make how many dates you had, or how many people you knew? You could still be lonely."

"You certainly could," the girl agreed.

Silently they contemplated the dreadful situation of knowing hundreds of people, having dozens of dates and still being lonely. The young man crossed his legs, uncrossed them, and dropped his magazine.

Mechanically he retrieved it and tossed it back on the pile with the other old issues. Shortly after the girl did the same with her fashion periodical.

The minute hand of the clock moved remorselessly on and the methodical tick began to sound louder and louder. The girl glanced up at the clock and realised, with something of a shock, that twenty-five minutes or more had passed since she had first come into the laundrette.

The young man was the first to break the restless silence. "Sunday is the worst day of all," he said. "That's when you can be really alone."

"You must have a lot of friends you can be with," the girl said.

"Oh, yes, I know some people. After all, when you've been in a city for almost a year like I have you get to meet somebody here and there. But it isn't really the same. Most of the people I know are married. When I do see them we play cards, or listen to the radio, or something like that." He made a futile gesture with his hands. "It isn't the same."

"No, it isn't," the girl said.

She caught sight of Mr. Maxon, the manager. He was stuffing a load of damp, newly-washed laundry



As the girl hesitated a moment beside him she said slowly, "It was very nice talking to you."

into a bag. It might have been her bag, though she couldn't be sure.

"Do you ever go to concerts?" she asked the young man. There was a note of desperation in her voice.

"You mean symphony concerts?"

"Well, yes, or recitals." She hurried her words. "They have a lot of them here, free ones on Sundays, too."

He hesitated. "I don't go in much for that kind of stuff. Not that I'm a lowbrow," he hastened to add. "It's just that I never had much chance to listen to classical music, if you know what I mean. But I suppose I could learn to appreciate it."

"Oh, I'm sure you could. I didn't care much for it once, but since I've been in the city I've been quite often. I suppose that's helped me to appreciate it."

Once again they were silent. The clock moved on. The seconds passed away into limbo without hesitation, waiting for no one and nothing.

"I get free tickets to pictures sometimes," the young man blurted out.

"Do you like to go to the pictures?"

"Oh, yes," she said quickly.

Mr. Maxon hurried over.

"Your laundry's ready," he said to the girl.

She looked up. "Oh." She gazed at the young man, who watched her somewhat helplessly. She waited for him to speak again, but he remained silent as Mr. Maxon stood there peering down at them.

She followed Mr. Maxon to his counter and paid her bill. Listlessly she picked up her bag and started out. As she passed the young man a sad, lonely smile flickered briefly across her face as she hesitated for a second.

He looked at her. "It was very nice talking to you," he said slowly.

"Yes," was all she could think of to answer.

"Well," he said. "Goodbye."

"Goodbye," she said.

She moved out the door and turned down the street. The young man got up to watch her walk away, but he caught Mr. Maxon looking at him. He sat down again and picked up a magazine.

Half an hour later the young man's

laundry was dry and ready to be taken away. As he was standing at the counter with Mr. Maxon, he fumbled with his change. Hesitantly, he asked if Mr. Maxon knew the girl's name.

Mr. Maxon shrugged. "I don't know the names of my customers. I recognise them by their laundry bags. That's good business to do that. It makes your customers think you're giving them personal service."

"Yes," the young man said tonelessly. "Thanks."

He paid for his laundry, picked up his bag, and walked out. When he passed through the door he turned up the street and disappeared.

Normally, this story should end right here. But Mr. Maxon, despite his hectic schedule of constant work, had a bit of time now and then to observe that life was not a static thing. Events were set in motion and, by their very nature, completed themselves.

"One thing about people who live alone," Mr. Maxon said, "they have to come back to the laundrette."

(Copyright)

Sand

on the

Floor

By DOROTHY EDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

WHEN Martin had read Gertrude's letter saying she was coming down he decided to ask her to marry him. He put down the letter and sprang up hastily to rescue the chops that were grilling to cinders. Women, he reflected, never tried to do two things at once.

They never made toast and plaited their daughters' hair at the same time, or read the newspaper propped over the sink while washing the dishes, or made a soggy omelette because Midge wanted a knot untied in her shoe lace at the critical moment.

Nothing, women said, was more pathetic than seeing a man trying to look after himself. When he had to look after a five-year-old as well it was just heart-rending.

It hadn't struck Martin as particularly heart-rending until so many women emphasised it. He and Midge got along fine. She hadn't lost weight in the six months he had looked after her since his sister Laura had got married, and it didn't worry her if there was a little dust on the sideboard or the eggs were slightly overdone. She thought the whole thing was rather a picnic.

It was especially a picnic when Martin decided to take a cottage at Long Beach for his summer vacation. There were to be just the two of them and they wouldn't bother about the housework at all. They'd swim and fish all day and eat when they were hungry. Midge could live in her swim-suit, there would be no laundry, they would eat the fish they caught. They'd tell stories about mermaids in the evening as dusk crept over the sea. They'd sleep like tops and never have a rule about anything.

In a way, Martin knew, it was his last stab at freedom before finally he admitted that a woman was necessary to run his house and look after himself and Midge.

Now Gertrude wasn't even permitting him that freedom.

He wondered what to tell Midge. He wasn't sure how much she liked Gertrude. Gertrude was awfully good for her, of course. She was one of those practical understanding women. There were plenty of rules, but sensible ones, the kind that gave a child some satisfaction to obey.

After all, a child had to have some

sense of order in its life. He agreed with that and he admired Gertrude's pleasant sense of comradeship with Midge. But he still wasn't sure how much Midge liked her.

With one part of his mind he pondered that, while with the other part he realised that he would have to tidy up the cottage. The stove was spattered with grease, there was sand on the floor (why sweep it out when one tracked it in again five minutes later?). Midge had decorated the window-sill with drying seaweed, the beds weren't made, they were simply tidied up from the previous night. Well, Midge could sweep, anyway. He went to the door to yell for her.

She was already coming up the path, her round serious face full of astonishment.

"Daddy, that lady next door," she burst out. "She's got the untidiest house I've ever seen."

"Oh," Martin said judiciously. "What were you doing next door?"

"My ball went over the fence and I went over to get it. And the door was open so I just peeked in. I just peeked, Daddy."

"Yes."

"And the lady said I could come in if I wanted to, if I didn't mind things lying about."

"Don't go in strange people's houses," Martin said absently. He hadn't seen the woman next door yet. At least, if she had an untidy house, she didn't sound like the kind who would want to put his in order. His landlady, a plump motherly person in her forties, had expressed friendly concern about his welfare, and had already called twice with eggs and pots of jam, and inquiries about Midge's laundry. Then there was her friend, a Mrs. Thompson, just down the road, who had promised to keep an eye on "that poor young Mr. Dean and his little girl."

What made women think that a man couldn't use his two hands as well as a woman could? He was so tired of their solicitousness that perhaps, after all, it was a good thing Gertrude was coming. To have one solicitous woman about him for the rest of his life was preferable to staving off forever kind advances.

"She's got red hair," Midge was saying.

"Who?"

"The lady next door. At least, it's

not really red, it's kind of old-gold. She's a little like a mermaid, Daddy."

"A mermaid wouldn't live in an untidy house, I'm sure."

"Not her sea house, Daddy, but maybe her land house—"

Martin ruffled her hair affectionately.

"What a thing, being neighbors to a mermaid. I wonder what Gertrude will think of that?"

"Gertrude!" said Midge in a stiffened voice.

"Yes, she's coming down tomorrow."

"But, Daddy, you said—" Midge stopped and Martin was aware that she had controlled herself too quickly.

"What?" he asked gently.

"You said this holiday was just for us."

"I know, but look at the sand and stuff," Martin waved his arm round the room. "Gertrude will see to all that and we'll have much more time on the beach. You like Gertrude, don't you?"

"Yes," Midge answered in a closed voice.

"Well, that's fine." Martin felt vaguely guilty, as if he had somehow failed Midge by intending to provide her with a good mother.

"She's going to take a lot of cares off my shoulders. She'll—"

His voice was interrupted by a sudden sharp scream. It came from the direction of the house next door. Martin ran out of the door and bounded over the dividing fence. The back door of the cottage stood open. He called, "Is something wrong?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" came a girl's voice. "Come and help me."

She had her hair—that was like dark reddish-brown seaweed (Midge was right about the mermaid likeness)—caught in the clothes wringer. She was tied to it in agony, strands of hair wound inextricably with the wet clothes she had been wringing.

"I don't know how it happened," she moaned. "The more I turn the more I get tied up. Ouch, don't turn it that way, you fool!"

"Then I'll have to cut it off," Martin said crisply. "Have you got a pair of scissors?"

"Don't be ridiculous! You can't cut my hair off. I've spent a year growing it."

Martin, genuinely trying to be helpful, was irritated by her sharp voice.

"Then you should have been more careful. Either it's cut off or you stay there."

"You'd starve," came Midge's voice behind them. "At least, we

could bring you food while we're here, but when we're gone—"

"Then get the scissors and don't waste time," snapped the girl. She added more normally, "They're on the table. I had them five minutes ago."

In spite of her instructions it took Martin several minutes to locate them among the debris. He wondered, with some amusement, what Gertrude would think of this room. There were clothes everywhere, a wet bathing costume and towel draped over one chair, stockings over another, shoes kicked off in the hearth, some flimsy undergarments, on which she had apparently been sewing buttons, on the table, together with a muddled workbox and a cup of cold tea.

The rugs on the floor were crooked, there were magazines lying about and there was a film of sand over everything. The lady here, as Midge had said, was no housekeeper.

Martin went back with the scissors and clipped off the long entangled hair. He was aware, for a moment, of the girl's sun-tanned neck and the way the hair curled in tendrils on it. She would be tall, he thought, when she was again able to stand upright.

She sprang up as she was released, and faced him. Her face was scarlet and her eyes, a curious blue-





green, almost exactly sea-colored, were flashing. Martin felt his anger rising to meet hers. It wasn't his fault that she had got caught up in that stupid way.

"It's like the dwarf that got his beard caught in the log," came Midge's voice. "He was angry, too." Reluctantly the girl began to smile.

"I'm sorry. I am behaving badly, aren't I? It's just that I could cry over my hair."

"You'll have to cut it all now, I'm afraid," said Martin.

"Yes. I'll have to go into town this afternoon. I can wrap myself up in a scarf, I suppose."

"Unless I do it for you," said Martin. "I do Midge's."

"Who's Midge?"

"My daughter."

"Me," said Midge.

The girl turned her long sea-colored eyes on Midge, then back to Martin.

"Why doesn't her mother cut her hair?" she asked.

"Her mother died five years ago," said Martin briefly.

"Oh!" Her mouth was soft. She was beautiful. She wasn't good-looking in the accepted way. There was just something about her. She had a look of softness and quick temper and helplessness and intelligence all mysteriously mixed.

"I'm sorry. Then you're bringing Midge up."

"At present."

"What do you mean 'at present'?"

"What I said."

"Oh. All right. I don't like strangers asking me questions, either. Come inside and finish cutting my hair for me, will you. What's your name?"

"Martin Dean."

"Mine's Susan Long. You're staying next door?"

"Yes."

"And I guess your house is a lot better than this dog's breakfast in here. I'm just no housekeeper. No anything if it comes to that. I can't even use a wringer without half killing myself."

Her voice was neither friendly nor unfriendly. When Martin had finished cutting her a neat bob without, he said, fancy bits, she looked in the mirror.

"Good heavens, I look like an irreverent choir boy. Well, that'll teach me to be more careful in future. Thank you very much, Martin. If I can do anything for you, let me know."

But she didn't really want to, he knew. She was just being polite. She was the first woman who hadn't wanted to do anything for him, or recognised him as fair game, since Margaret had died.

"No," said Susan, "I'm not going to swim yet, I'm going to help Midge build her castles."

He found it distinctly refreshing, and restful also, to have a neighbor who would ignore one. The experience had been amusing. But he didn't think he would relate it to Gertrude.

"Daddy," said Midge that afternoon, "does Gertrude really have to come?"

She was bending her sunbrowned back over a sand castle. She had forgotten her hat as usual, and her nose was peeling. Gertrude would see that she wore her hat and didn't get sunstroke.

"Don't grudge Gertrude a holiday," Martin said.

"I'm not, Daddy, but—oh, look, there's Susan. She's going swimming." Midge stood up, waving frantically, and the girl came, it seemed reluctantly, towards them.

"Oh, hullo," she said. Her cropped hair gave her face a piquancy. If it were wet and trailing back from her cheeks she would look like a mermaid. She plunged down beside them.

"Hullo," said Martin. "No more accidents?"

"Only my lunch. I burnt the sausages while I was doing something else. I can't concentrate, that's my

trouble." She frowned, looking at the sea and wrapping her arms round her slender body. "The water looks cold."

"It's not, it's gorgeous," Midge said.

"Is it?" Susan said distastefully.

"It really is," Martin assured her. "Come and see. I'll swim with you out to the rock."

"No, not now. I'm going to sunbathe, and help Midge with her castle."

Midge patted the castle with an experienced touch.

"I suppose you think Daddy will race you," she observed impersonally.

"I do not. I only think the water's cold."

But she moved off towards the breakers' edge and stood a minute or two with the foam curling round her ankles. Then, with her arms still wrapped across her breast, she waded in. Presently she began swimming.

"Go and race her to the rock," Midge urged Martin. "I bet you can. I bet you can with her having a start."

Martin couldn't resist the challenge. He ran down to the sea and

plunged in. In a few minutes he had overtaken Susan.

"I'll race you," he shouted.

He thought she nodded her head. The blue water sparkled all round them. He swam on easily, elated and happy.

"I'll swim round the rock and meet you coming back," he shouted boastfully. He looked back to see how she took that. There was no sign of her coppery head. The sea seemed all at once forbiddingly empty. Then her arm waved out.

Martin turned in one rapid movement and swam strongly towards her. He had her round the waist as she was going down.

"On your back!" he yelled. She threshed a little, then lay still in the correct position as he propelled her towards the shore. Her hair floated like rusty seaweed. In the little breakers he lifted her and carried her until he reached the dry sun-soaked sand. Then he laid her down. She opened her eyes and said in a spent voice, "Thank you, Martin."

"Daddy, what's the matter? What's the matter with Susan?" Midge demanded.

Susan gave her a rueful smile and sat up.

"Nothing's the matter. I just can't

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swim more than a hundred yards, that's all. Gosh, how wet water is!"

Martin threw a towel round her shoulders.

"Is that the truth?" he demanded incredulously.

"Well, don't be so contemptuous!" Her voice had an edge of anger. "Everyone can't be a good swimmer."

"I'm not being contemptuous. I don't care if you can't swim a yard. But why didn't you say so instead of trying to get out to the rock?"

The horror of what might have happened was a little overwhelming. He couldn't help his indignation.

"All right then, I'm a moron," she said, her green eyes snapping. "I got my hair tied up in a wringer and I can't swim a hundred yards. I'm just too dumb to live. But that needn't worry you. It's my funeral."

"It nearly was," Martin said. "Don't be a fool. I don't care if you can't do anything."

Midge, digging industriously, piled warm sand over Susan's feet and ankles.

"I'll bury you," she said. "We'll pretend you got drowned and I'll bury you."

"Don't trouble about her peculiar sense of humor," Martin said. The sun was blazing warmly on his wet shoulders and he suddenly felt extraordinarily peaceful. "You'd better eat with us tonight. I'll show you how a poor helpless male can get a meal."

She rolled over then, her bare heels sticking out of Midge's funeral pyre. At last there was laughter in her eyes.

"Poor Martin. Have they never let you show off?"

"Who?"

"All the women who think they should look after you."

In his mind's eye Martin saw the procession of them, his sister Laura's friend, Adelaide, Miss Whitton, his secretary at the office, that woman Marion Someone-or-other who had spent a summer next door, Gertrude.

It was extraordinary how quickly Susan had understood. He had a curious sense of gratitude towards her, not only for understanding but for being so impractical herself.

He looked at her cropped head drying in the sun with something that was almost affection. How utterly ridiculous it all was, and yet somehow how natural. She was just a person who got into odd, unlikely scrapes and had to be helped out of them. She was the one who needed looking after.

"Isn't it a pity Gertrude's coming tomorrow," Midge said unexpectedly.

"Gertrude?" said Susan questioningly. "A friend of ours," Martin explained.

"We have to sweep the sand out," Midge said. Susan raised her copper eyebrows.

"Oh, dear. You'd better not let her see my house, then." Martin knew that already. He also knew, curiously enough, that he didn't want Gertrude to meet Susan. He could hear what she would say in her shocked well-bred voice:

"I suppose she's one of those modern young, never taught to do anything, but really, Martin, for Midge's sake—"

Susan nibbled the back of Midge's neck.

"You know that castle would be much better with a moat. Haven't you ever made a moated castle? Oh, that's simple. You fill this trench with water and the princess looks out from her window to see if her prince is a good swimmer."

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swimmer. If he's like me, of course, the romance just dies a quick death while he drowns in the cold waters of the moat."

Midge listened with round adoring eyes.

Later, Susan said she was going into town to buy some stores. She said she would catch the five o'clock bus and be back for supper.

"Don't shame me by sweeping all the sand out," she said.

When she had gone Martin was left with a wildly excited daughter.

"Daddy, isn't she nice? Daddy, it doesn't matter that she can't keep house, does it? Everyone doesn't want to be an old housekeeper. Daddy, you think she might tell me a story in bed? Gertrude says I'm too big, but Susan might notice, might she?"

Martin had no need to make any answers at all, no need to tell Midge that it was wonderful being able to be friendly with a girl who didn't want to look after him, who was, in fact, incapable of looking after even herself.

With Midge's willing help he tidied the living-room of the cottage, laid the table, and began preparing the meal. They would have soup, fish, freshly caught that morning, and then Midge's favorite sweet of raspberries and ice-cream.

Midge gathered daisies and put them in a vase in the middle of the table. Then she went and brushed her hair and scrubbed her face until it shone as bright as the daisy petals.

"Isn't this going to be a nice party, Daddy?" she said happily.

At six o'clock there was a tap on the door. Midge flew to open it. Then her eager little figure stiffened.

"Oh," she said flatly.

"Daddy, it's Gertrude."

Gertrude came in briskly. She was dressed in a neat navy-blue suit and a small hat with a red quill. Her face was pleasant and smiling, her quick bright eyes darted about the room, taking everything in.

"Hello, Martin," she said. "I got off work early today so I thought I'd surprise you and come tonight instead. My, what a good smell. And how clean Midge looks. Come and give me a kiss, darling."

Midge edged away a little, her face guarded. Gertrude smiled understandingly. "Well, I guess you are getting a little big for kisses. Martin, the table's set for three. You couldn't have been expecting me?"

"No, I wasn't. Actually that's set for another guest. But it's

nice to see you, Gertrude. Take off your coat."

"I'm staying up at the Lodge," Gertrude said. "I've left my bag there and come straight down." Her keen eyes went over the room again. "Well, Midge, your father's quite a competent housekeeper. I was thinking of you buried in debris. And look at Midge's flowers. How sweet!"

Martin saw Midge's face tighten. Why? he wondered. Gertrude couldn't have been kinder. But he knew, really. The flowers, the table decoration Midge had thought so adult, were relegated to the babyish efforts of a child.

Midge was too intelligent. Gertrude hadn't learnt yet that she couldn't be fooled. She recognised the authentic compliment and the amused humoring one. He knew she was thinking that if Susan had made the compliment it would have been authentic.

"Set another place for Gertrude, Midge," he said. "Susan will be here any minute and we can eat."

"Susan?" Gertrude's eyebrows raised involuntarily, then she laughed. "Oh, a friend of Midge's?"

"She's a friend of both of us," Midge said. "She lives next door. Daddy cut her hair."

Gertrude looked at Martin. "She had an accident," Martin explained. "Got her hair caught in the wringer."

"Caught in the wringer! How extraordinary!" As Midge's flowers had been relegated to a child's attempt at decoration, so Susan was dismissed as a nitwit.

"Apart from it being such a ridiculous thing to do, how could she have such long hair?"

"She had," Martin said shortly, thinking of the feel of the long soft locks in his hand.

"What a thing to happen," Gertrude went on. "How old is she?"

"She's a lady," Midge answered. "She can't swim and she can't cook, but she can make super sand castles." Susan castles, said Gertrude's suddenly competent look, wouldn't get anyone very far.

"That fish will spoil, Martin," she said. "Will Susan be very long?"

"We'll wait a little while," Martin said.

He was sure she would come. She had said she would. But it was growing late. The dark was creeping over the sea. Midge was beginning to look heavy-eyed. And the fish, as Gertrude had politely pointed out, was spoiling.

Between leaving the beach and doing her shopping, Susan had probably forgotten her promise to come back for supper. She had admitted her impracticality, she was probably irresponsible as well. Or she could have got into some other absurd scrape.

"I think we ought to eat now," Gertrude said sensibly. "Midge is nearly asleep."

"I am not! I am not!" Midge shouted, near to tears with disappointment.

"Yes, we'd better eat," Martin said judiciously. "Susan will come later."

It was ten o'clock, however, Midge was asleep, and Gertrude was just suggesting that she should go back to her hotel when lights appeared in the cottage next door. There was a lot of talking and laughing and presently Martin heard Susan's voice.

"Martin! Oh, Martin, can you come over?"

Martin went to the door. Susan was leaning over the dividing fence calling, "Martin, I'm terribly sorry about supper, but I ran into this horrible gang. They were coming down to visit me. You see, I can't make them leave me alone." Martin wondered if he imagined the impatience in her voice.

"I've got a visitor myself," he told her.

"Bring him or her or whoever it is. We're just sitting on the floor, as you can guess."

Martin turned inside.

"Susan has a party. She wants us to go over."

Gertrude gave her niece amiable smile.

"Then we must for a little while. To tell the truth I'm curious to meet Susan."

Gertrude was doing her best to be pleasant and agreeable because she obviously didn't want to join in a party of wild young things. She wouldn't fit in either, especially sitting on the floor in Susan's dishevelled room.

The untidiness wasn't particularly noticeable, however, for the half-dozen young people sprawling about the room disguised the tracking of sand and the scattered garments.

Susan's cheeks were very bright. She introduced the others by their first names—Joyce, Wilbur, Sammy, Elaine, Bill.

"Isn't it gosh awful having these tramps! You just get no privacy!"

Martin sat by the girl called Joyce.

"But Susan's hair!" she was exclaiming. "Of course I know

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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

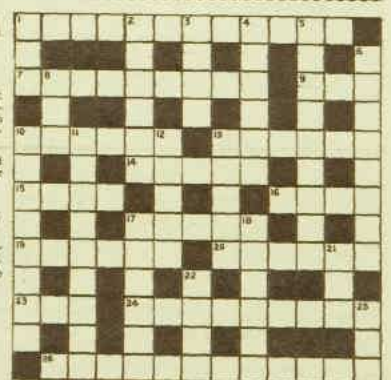
ACROSS

- The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea in it (3, 3, 4).
- Forms of government of a pub in London (9).
- By means of the content of cheap crime (3).
- It gives the rank but not the pay (6).
- Glanced with malign expression in a shelter which is red (6).
- Split tea for a short hole (9).
- Not far off (4).
- Two fathers in one father (4).
- According to Robert Browning in "Paracelsus" there are two points in his adventure (8).
- Plundered Edward after a card-game (6).
- This is one (8).
- Drink? Yes. Food? Yes (3).
- Concealed under disguised character (9).
- Barter red Eve (Anag. 12).

Solution will be published next week.

S A H S O B
C A L M S E S P A R O
B E L L I A T I
E M A N A T E N A T A L
A P I N I E
M O B I L E C U M M E R
R E N A
B R A N D S A D O N T S
A R D O U O W
R U G A T R E C T A C E
T A A E A M A
E O A S E T R U E R
R S N D E S S

Solution to last week's crossword.



DOWN

- Equality for 120 yards of yarn when turned (3).
- Erase for a mameur (6).
- Harmful, so don't touch it back-wards if it's a wire (4).
- Water is about request for vessel of plaited twigs (6).
- A (9).
- A deer gut (Anag. 8).
- Listener (3).
- It is a commonplace (8).
- Stimulate with the cold wind on the Adriatic inside to make it highly finished (9).
- Shy turns to give order to obscure it (5).
- Bar, but not for drinking, though starting from the wrong end it can make merry (5).
- Trick in emblematic design (8).
- Quoit that falls round the pin (6).
- Share in destiny (3).
- Itch flitting for a blacking (4).
- No prelate thus not even (2).

one can't trust her an inch or she gets into some mess. But this is just too tragic. Her hair was so beautiful. She used to do it low on her neck for her concert. It made her look older and dignified."

"Her concert?" Martin said. Joyce looked at him with surprise.

"Don't tell me you don't know! But, of course, she's just the person who would never say a word. Make you think she was a born numbskull. She's a pianist. She's got a future, they say, though you wouldn't think to the way she acts."

"No," Martin murmured. "You wouldn't think so." He began to laugh.

Joyce joined in his laughter. "No wonder you didn't guess—finding her in this funny little cottage. Not that it isn't sweet, but a person of Susan's ability to get a crazy idea like this for a vacation. I mean, she can't even cook!"

Susan's voice came across the room.

"Who can't cook?" "You, darling. You can't even use a clothes wringer without half killing yourself."

"But she always finds someone to rescue her," said one of the men. "Trust Susan."

"To rescue her," thought Martin slowly. Had her accidents been planned to draw his attention to her? Was she the same as all the rest, but just using a different technique?

"And you," he heard Joyce saying with the familiar intimate note coming into her voice. "Susan says you've got a little girl and look after her yourself."

Before he had time to answer her someone said, "What are we wasting a warm night and all that sea for? Let's go swimming."

The suggestion was taken up

with enthusiasm. Everyone began getting bathing suits and disappearing to undress. Gertrude came over to Martin.

"I don't think I'll swim, Martin. I'll go home if you don't mind."

Susan appeared suddenly in her green bathing suit. "—a two aren't going! Oh, you must come down to the beach. Please! Don't spoil my party."

Gertrude said rather stiffly, "I've travelled all day—Martin saw her eyes on Susan's vivid cropped head and knew what she was involuntarily thinking—that Susan was a scheming little hussy."

"Midge is asleep. I can't go far from the cottage," Martin said. "I'll just come down for a few minutes."

"Was Midge disappointed, I didn't get back?" Susan asked. Her long eyes were soft and regretful. "I'm so sorry. I'll make it up to her tomorrow."

"It was all right. I was there," Gertrude said rather loudly. It was obvious she didn't like or trust Susan and could lose her dignity over her.

Women, thought Martin wearily. They were all alike with their devices and tricks.

The moon was shining on the beach. The edge of the little waves made a long shining fringe along the sand. The water looked delicious.

"Let's swim out to that rock," Wilbur shouted. "Come on, Elaine, Susan."

Susan lingered beside Martin. "What's the matter?" she said softly. "Don't you like me now you know I can play the piano?"

"What's that got to do with it?" Martin asked.

"You think I've been fooling you?"

"Well, haven't you?"

In the dim light he couldn't see the expression in her eyes. "How silly of you, Martin. As if I would want to pretend those silly things."

"Come on, Susan!" yelled Wilbur. "We're swimming out to the rock."

Susan gave her wrap to Martin.

"All right," she answered. "Here I come."

Martin took an involuntary step after her. Then he stopped. Of course. That had been a phony drowning case, too. He had been the mug. Now he would see how she could really swim.

"I suppose all clever people are a little odd," came Gertrude's judicial voice. "Martin, if you don't mind I really think I'd like to go to bed."

Again Martin hesitated. All the swimmers were in now. The rock barred its black head half a mile out right in the path of the moonlight. Well, if Susan wanted to play any tricks there were plenty of people to look after her.

"Of course," he said, tucking Gertrude's arm in his. "I'll go along with you."

At the doors of the hotel she promised to be down in time to get his and Midge's breakfast in the morning. Her eager eyes told him that if she had her way this was the last time they would be staying apart.

He knew she wanted him to kiss her. But even knowing everything about her was sane and sensible and good for Midge and himself he couldn't bring himself to kiss her just then. He patted her on the arm and walked quickly away.

When he got back to the row of cottages on the beach he saw the door of Susan's standing wide open and light streaming out. There seemed to

Continuing . . . Sand on the Floor

(from page 30)

be a lot of excited talking going on. They were discussing the race, he thought. He would slip into his own place unnoticed.

But Joyce, just coming outside, saw him.

"Oh, Martin," she called, "Susan went and nearly drowned herself. Bill fished her out. She's just coming round now."

"Again?" Martin said wearily.

"What do you mean, again?" "She's done it once already today. It's an act."

Joyce stared at him. "If you think it's an act you'd better come and see her. She's never been a strong swimmer. I know, because she never goes out of her depth. But tonight—"

Martin stepped over the dividing fence and strode into the room.

Susan, sitting up supported by one of the young men, was sipping brandy. She was quite colorless. Her wet hair dripped on to her shoulders.

"Sue," Joyce said, "Martin thinks you're putting on an act. Just for him, I guess."

Susan's long contemptuous eyes rested on him.

"What does he think is so special about him?" she asked.

True to her word Gertrude arrived at eight in the morning and began briskly setting out plates and frying bacon. Midge got dressed rather sulkily. Yesterday she had been a little girl on holiday. Now she had a regimented look. She plaited her hair slowly, as if it were a chore.

Martin as he shaved found himself with the same feeling. He had had a number of uncomfortable feelings during

a sleepless night. It horrified him to think that he had developed such a one-track mind about women.

Of course, they wouldn't all want to look after him. They wouldn't all find him irresistible. Some of them may even dislike him. Obviously Susan did.

What he had imagined was her clever technique for catching his attention had been nothing of the kind. He had merely been the person handy at an awkward moment. As she had said, what was so special about him?

The knowledge of all this was extremely shattering to his ego. But he was sure it was healthy. From now on he was his own master, neither evading nor soliciting female help. He would politely tell Gertrude not to waste her holiday on him, and if Susan was to remain his next-door neighbor she could—

"Help! Oh, help! Someone, help!"

The piercing scream came inevitably from next door. With latter still on his face, Martin rushed out and leapt the fence.

A low moaning came from inside Susan's cottage. He rushed in to find her sitting on the floor clutching her foot.

An upturned frying-pan of smoking fat lay beside her.

"Oh, Martin, I've scalded myself," she sobbed.

Gertrude, following on Martin's heels, pushed past and knelt beside the girl. She peeled off Susan's stocking and examined the injured foot.

"It's not serious," she said crisply. "Only a surface burn. A little vaseline will fix it. How did you come to upset the fat, anyway?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'm so clumsy," Susan's eyes met

Martin's above Gertrude's head.

He said seriously, "You're not fit to be left alone. You'd better have breakfast with us. Can you walk?"

"Of course she can walk." There was a touch of acidity in Gertrude's voice. "I'd better go and rescue our bacon."

As she hurried out, Susan said, "She thinks it wasn't an accident."

"But how could she think you would do a thing like that on purpose? It would hurt too much."

He was aware of Susan's long, laughing eyes on him.

"It did hurt, too. Catching my hair wasn't so funny, either. I didn't mean to do it so thoroughly. And I swallowed an awful lot of water."

He looked at her incredulously.

"You mean the whole thing was an act, after all?" "Technique is a better word, Martin," she murmured. "You were scared to look at me. You were scared of all women. I had to do something to unscare you."

And suddenly he didn't care in the least either about being fooled by her technique or his restored ego. What trifling things they were, after all. He put out his arms and she came into them as if she had always belonged there.

"Good, Daddy," came Midge's delighted voice from the door. "Are you going to marry Susan? Then we're going to have sand on the floor all the time."

"And what," said Martin loftily, waving his hand to indicate the sparkling sea, the stretch of bone-white beach, the warm sun streaming in the doorway, and lastly Susan's tender, laughing face in the curve of his arm, "is a little sand compared to all the rest we will have?"

(Copyright)

My Modelling Days nearly ended!

NO. I STILL HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING I LIKE.

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AT HOME THAT NIGHT I'LL HAVE TO RESIGN! I'M TOO WASHED OUT TO CARRY ON!

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 10, 1954

Page 31

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purposeful intentness that made me glance away in unconscious self-protection.

My first impression was of gold—gold colors in an infinite variety of shades and tones and ages. It was not only the old-gold sheath of her dress, but also the spun new-gold of her hair and the cool white-gold undertone of her lovely face.

No, perhaps I am wrong in saying that was my first impression. It was her eyes that had made me glance away, and it was her eyes now that made me turn back again.

She was a young girl, but they were old eyes, saying boldly what an attractive woman's eyes have said for as many centuries as there have been men to be attracted.

I was about to turn away again when, to my complete surprise, she spoke my name. At the acknowledgment of my identity, she introduced herself as Lisa Kendrick.

We ordered drinks, and before we were served Bill Kendrick came in. He was still the typical college athlete, and the greeting he gave me was annoyingly boyish, according to a deference that over-emphasised not only the difference in our ages but also the levels that separated us on the organisation chart.

His manner toward Lisa was equally boyish. Instead of kiss-

Continuing . . The Woman Behind Bill Kendrick

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ing her or even taking her hand, which seemed almost demurred, he doubled a fist, feigned a mock left hook at her chin, and then let his big hand fall on her shoulder. It was a clumsy display of affection, singularly inappropriate to both his wife and the moment.

My impression of Bill Kendrick was not favorable, although I immediately attempted to avoid prejudice by reminding myself that drawing-room manners are not a requisite for an assistant sales manager in the machinery business.

But the mystery of why Lisa had married him moved into the forefront of my mind. Quite obviously, she could have done better.

It had been several months since anyone from the home office had been in San Francisco, and Bill plied me with questions about what was going on.

I did my best to give him what facts I could. But, frankly, some of his questions were only half heard, for I could not keep my eyes off Lisa, and her apparent detachment from the affairs of our organisation transposed itself into my own mind.

It was only when Bill mentioned the opening for an assistant sales manager and asked whether anyone had yet been picked for the job that I saw a reaction in her face. It was so fleeting that I all but missed it, but I sensed that she was displeased at the crudity with which he implied that he should be considered.

Neither of them knew that my recommendation might have something to do with the appointment, and I was very careful to avoid any hint that it might.

A table became vacant then, and we went in to eat. The menu was handwritten in watery blue and red ink, a scramble of French and Italian, and many of the words were blurred into indecipherability.

Bill waved it aside, saying that he knew what he wanted—"tenderloin, French fries, and some of that salad." Lisa edged her chair toward mine, and our heads were close as we bent together while she read and recommended.

The gourmet's inclination is rarely found in the young, and I was in no way prepared to let anyone dictate one of my all-too-few dinners in San Francisco. Lisa did—and superlatively. The dinner we ate was very close to the best dinner I have ever eaten—in Paris, New York, New Orleans, or Buenos Aires.

Despite my awareness of the food, I was even more aware of Lisa. She had not moved her chair after our sharing of the menu, and I was so conscious of her closeness that I felt acutely embarrassed, almost as if I had been unmasked as the guilty perpetrator of a sin, even though I was unaware of the exact nature of my desire.

I am unable to express what I felt because I am necessarily incapable of putting into words what I did not completely understand.

But I can say with certainty that my desire was not consciously physical. It was nothing elemental and easily explainable. Lisa Kendrick's power of attraction was something beyond the appeal of her body.

I have frequently wished that I had a recording of every word spoken at that dinner table, not because anything of importance was said but so that I might have an opportunity to study the foundation upon which Lisa later constructed a demonstration of superlative skill.

I suppose—although I had no memory, even the next day, of having done so—that I mentioned my desire to see Archibald Victor. I must admit the possibility that I may have told her that his extensive research into the China-trade period of the clipper-ship era might mean that he could supply the missing historical link that would tie together the plot of my projected novel. I might have said that—but I still cannot make myself believe I did.

In the first place, I have a strong disinclination to discuss work in progress. In the second place, Archibald Victor's reputation as an unapproachable recluse and the fact that he had answered none of my

letters had put from my mind the hope that he might be willing to see me. His name was not even on the list of things I wanted to do while in San Francisco.

But somehow Lisa must have known. The next afternoon, while I was sitting in a convention session, an usher handed me a message from her. Archibald Victor had invited her to stop by his home at five o'clock. Would I care to join her?

She had not known Archibald Victor until noon of that day. He told me that as we stood together on the bay-view terrace of his Nob Hill home, Lisa had just driven off to pick up Bill, after promising that she would be back for me.

As her car disappeared around a downhill turn, Archibald Victor said: "You're most fortunate to have such an attractive emissary. I don't mind telling you that I had no intention whatsoever of seeing you until she stopped at my door this noon. That's why I didn't answer your letters. Yes, a most unusual young woman. Extraordinary that she should be familiar with my sort of book. Mrs. Kendrick, I believe she said. Who is she, anyway?"

ARCHIBALD VICTOR was close to seventy and well picked in the chill brine of a scholar's life, but it was evident that Lisa Kendrick had sparked in him, as she had in me, something beyond idle curiosity.

When I told him that all I knew about her was that she was the wife of a salesman who sold machinery, the sharpness of his disbelieved bordered on insult. I was, however, far too pleased with the reference material that he had already loaned me to take offence.

We talked of the clipper-ship era, but I noticed that his eyes kept straying down the hill in anticipation of Lisa's return.

She came back alone. Bill had become involved with some of the big customers, a cocktail party was now in progress, and taking them to dinner would be unavoidable.

It was not evidence of extra-sensory perception that Lisa should know I regarded entertaining customers as one of the unhappier aspects of corporate life.

Nor was there anything super-feminine in her making me feel that she, personally, would be pleased if I conquered my distaste and joined the party.

Gratitude, if nothing else, forced me to accept. I was extremely grateful for her having arranged the meeting with Archibald Victor—and there was, of course, something else. The magnet of her attraction.

On the way down to the hotel, she asked if I had any preference as to a restaurant where we might take the party to dine. A name popped into my mind—Gallici's—but I did not say it aloud.

It was simply a little restaur-

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

ant that I had ducked into to escape the rain one night nine years before. I had never heard the name spoken since; I had not seen it on any list of recommended restaurants; and, in any event, it was only one of dozens of good San Francisco restaurants.

Yet, when I said that I had no preference, she asked, "Have you ever heard of Gallici's? They do some wonderful things with crab, particularly Crab Milanese."

On that rainy night nine years before, making my selection from a newspaper-size menu and with no coaching from the waiter, I had selected Crab Milanese.

Coincidence? Perhaps.

There is no need to describe the cocktail party at the hotel nor the dinner at Gallici's later, except to note the extraordinary amount of attention that all nine men gave to Lisa. Several times, glancing away from her for a moment, I would see all other eyes upon her.

No man missed an opportunity to talk directly to her. That was as obvious as the fact that the three customers' wives went out of their way to avoid doing so.

This was particularly evident in the case of Mrs. Henry Gulheimer, whose husband, as the most important customer present, had claimed a seat beside Lisa and done his best to monopolise her attention.

The next morning, standing with Bill in the convention-hall lobby, my curiosity prodded me into asking him about Lisa's background.

"Lisa? Oh, she's from a little town over in the San Joaquin Valley, just a crossroads, place called Beefield. Her old man runs a tourist camp, little hotel with some cabins out behind. Only place I could find to stay when I was working on that grape-vine plant a couple of years ago. Lisa helped her old man behind the desk, waiting on tables. That's how I got to know her."

Then, as if he thought some apology was necessary, he hurriedly added, "Don't think that Lisa isn't smart just because she didn't have a chance to go to college or anything like that. She's a darned clever kid—and people like her. Now, you take last night. First thing Nick Sonima and Charley Thule wanted to know when I asked 'em down to the hotel was whether Lisa would be there."

"I guess you remember Henry Gulheimer, the big guy that bought our stuff for his whole glass-pack line? When I finally had that job wrapped up, you know what Henry did? Nothing would do but Lisa had to come down with me for a weekend at his house, and Henry insisted on handing her the order instead of me. Sure, it was just a gag, but it goes to show that people like her."

I said that such a reaction was easily understandable. What I did not say was that I was beginning to understand how Bill Kendrick had chalked up the sales record that had impressed Scott Judding.

What Bill had told me about Lisa's having been raised in her father's hotel seemed to explain

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An Important Message To Laxative Users

Constipation is such a wide spread complaint that there is hardly a person who doesn't have to use a laxative occasionally. The symptoms of constipation are many and varied. Lack of energy, headaches, tiredness, biliousness, indigestion and upset stomach can quite often be signs that you need the help of a good laxative. The choice of a suitable laxative is therefore important to almost everybody.

What is a suitable laxative? There is a laxative agent which medical experience has found to be mild, gentle, effective—when administered in controlled dosages—and yet has none of the unpleasant actions of cathartics and roughage. This laxative agent is the active ingredient of **NYAL FIGSEN**.

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Figsen is available in two strengths. Figsen Regular, equally suitable for adults and children, and Figsen Double Strength, for those adults who find that they need a slightly more positive laxative action. Figsen Regular 2/3

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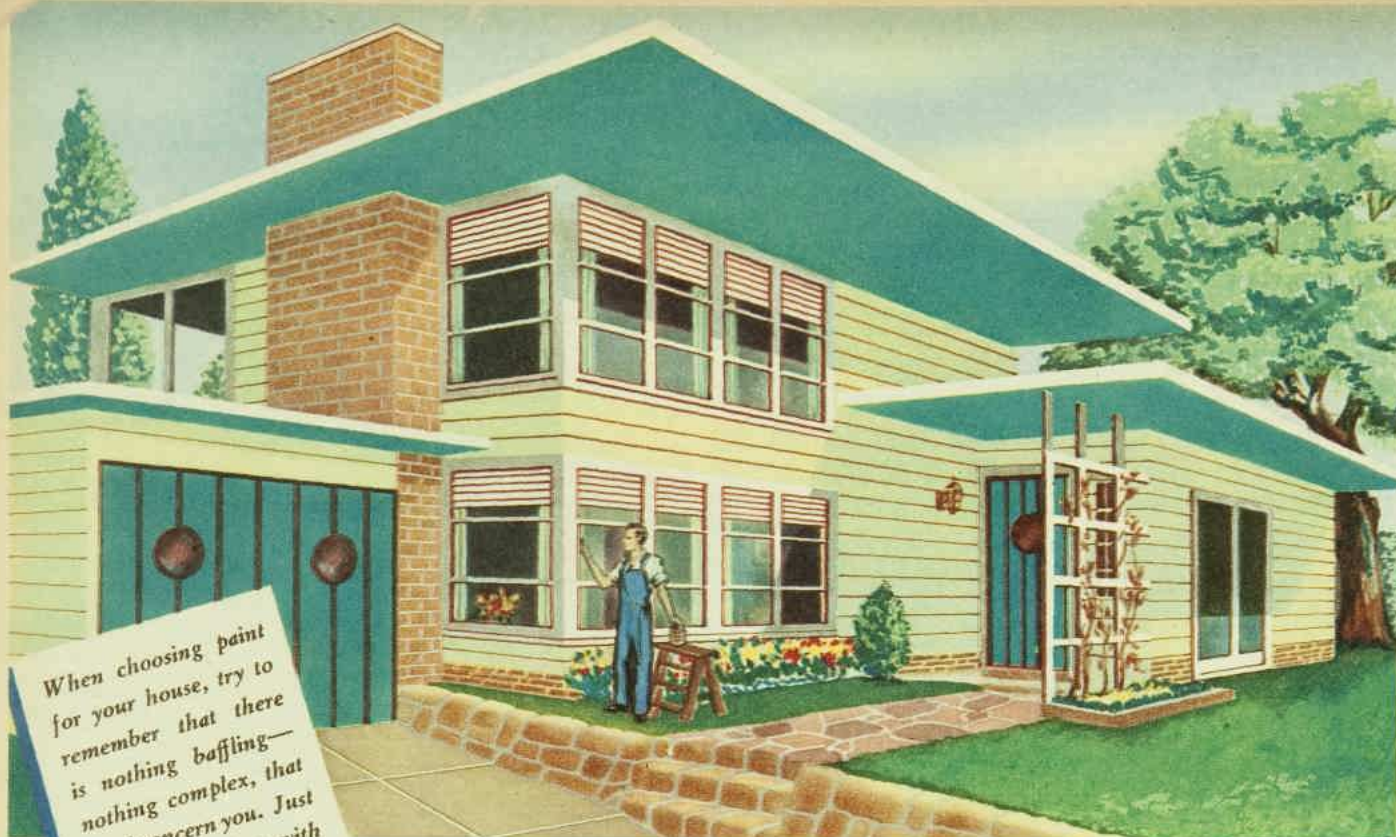
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A-G-3



HIPPEASTRUMS. These showy blooms make brilliant splashes of color in the garden and are used to advantage in exhibition displays. The trumpet-shaped flowers come in shades of red, orange, pink, and white.

HIPPEASTRUMS

• Hippeastrums are among the most handsome garden plants and make a spectacular show when planted in spring borders.

THE flowers are large and trumpet shaped and come in shades of red, orange, pink, and white. In recent years plant breeders have produced some very attractive hybrids in which two or more tonings are blotched, striped, or mottled on a white background. On their sturdy stalks they often carry three to five flowers which are nearly as big as old-fashioned gramophone horns.

Hippeastrums, which are natives of Chile, are bulbs. These may be planted in summer or during the winter rest period, when the leaves have died down. Or they can be raised from the black tissue papery-looking seeds. Seeds should be sown in spring.

In good conditions the seeds will produce bulbs of flowering size in two years, though in the average home garden it more often takes three. So if you are impatient for results buy the bulbs ready grown.

In Australia hippeastrums are generally grown in the open, but in colder countries they are more often seen in pots, which can be moved easily if the weather gets very cold. The pot-plant method has advantages.

Potted hippeas make excellent patio decorations, and

many people like to bring the flowering plants right into the house.

Whether they are raised in the garden or in pots, the plants are quite hardy and easy to grow, provided they are given plenty of food. They are really gross feeders, and without rich soil and ample water they either won't flower at all or the blossoms will be small and of poor quality.

Prepare the soil very carefully, enriching it with compost or manure, and complete

GARDENING

fertiliser or blood and bone as well.

With the potted types experience has shown that a six-inch pot is large enough for a three-inch bulb. But the comparatively small amount of soil available must be really first-class.

Bulbs should always be planted to a depth where they are almost covered with soil. Leave their necks just poking through.

If they are being grown in pots, put only one bulb to a pot. Although they don't mind being confined, they don't seem to like sharing.

During the winter the foliage dies down. In this leafless period the bulbs do not need water.

When the flower buds appear the plants should be watered frequently. At this stage, too, they respond very well to dressings of liquid manure.

which if not too strong can be applied weekly. This gives size and quality to the flowers and makes all the difference between a miserable and a wonderful show.

Closely related to hippeastrums are the fragrant belladonnas or amaryllis.

This is a very hardy bulb, being native to Cape Colony, South Africa, where soils are sandy and often poor and weather is frequently hot and dry.

Belladonnas send up their big heads of pink or white flowers in mid-summer. Stems are stout and bare, and, as the leaves have died down by then, the plant is sometimes called "the lily without leaves."

Belladonnas do best in rich soil where there is plenty of lime. They also like plenty of water in the leafy stage and very little when the leaves have withered. However, they give quite generously even if their surroundings are less luxurious.

Bulbs are planted in March or April, and like hippeastrums they should be only just covered with soil and should have their necks exposed. As they multiply quite quickly, the bulbs should be spaced 15 to 18 inches apart at first.

Belladonnas like sunshine and look specially beautiful when massed against a dark green background such as a cypress hedge. The rosy-pink variety, *Rosea*, is ideal for this purpose.

When the buds appear a weekly watering with weak liquid manure pays dividends. Bulbs often do not flower the first season, needing, apparently, to get themselves well established first. Best results are obtained if they are not disturbed for a number of years.

Seed is usually abundant. It is pink or white, and fleshy. It grows readily if it is planted in a seed-box or bed or good rich soil as soon as it falls off the head.

HYBRID hippeastrums. In recent years breeders have produced many new and attractive varieties of hippeastrum.

PARIS LETTER FROM OUR FASHION ADVISER

Dear Sue,



Thanks for the preview of the new Twinprufe knitting books. Something for every occasion — lovely! Thought you might like to see my selections for a complete morn to midnight wardrobe... First choice from the "Mix and Match" Book No. 166. Black for the polo-necked jumper (design 17), separate peplum and skirt (design 16)... same skirt with the scarf-neck jumper (design 18) knitted in Cherry Ripe.

What a good idea! these are all in stocking stitch... so easy to knit! The starkly simple skirt offers unlimited scope for gay tops and accessories. It should last for ages, too, Twinprufe wools being guaranteed mothproof and shrinkproof.



For evening I just couldn't resist the smart low-necked sweater and shrug-to-match from the "High Fashion Separates" Book No. 168. Knitted in spring yellow with black jet trimming I can see them worn together over a ballerina... or the sweater under a suit... and

the shrug over a plain frock... All your Twinprufe designs are so brilliantly versatile... quite as lovely as anything I've seen in the French boutiques...

Au revoir!

Betty



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Continuing . . The Woman Behind Bill Kendrick

her knowledge of food and cooking, but there were a great many other things still unexplained and I continued to ask questions, trying to make them sound casual. I learned little except that, in his ham-handed way, he was very much in love with her, a fact that needed no explanation.

The convention ended the next day. The rest of the week was free for a nine-year collection of things I wanted to do in San Francisco.

What I actually did was completely irrational. I hired a car and drove out of the city.

I am reasonably aware of the workings of the subconscious mind, but I must insist that my winding up where I did was pure coincidence.

The subconscious mind, despite its acknowledged powers, could not have caused a head gasket to blow out at a point where, as a passing farmer told me, "Only mechanic anywhere around works in a filling station about six miles up the road, place called Beefield. You'll see the Honey Haven Hotel—painted yellow and some cabins out behind, ice plant across the road—and just past there's the filling station."

The Honey Haven was no swank hotel. There was an old yellow house, a shed-roof addition for a luncheonroom, and a half-dozen dreary little cabins out under the ragged eucalyptus trees.

The food that was placed in front of me denied that this had been the source of Lisa Kendrick's training in the art of the gourmet. I asked the waitress—a dull-faced teen-ager in a soiled uniform—who the proprietor was.

"You mean who owns it?" She shifted her hard-chewed gum as a gesture toward the side porch. "My dad. That's him out there."

Incredulously I asked if she were Lisa's sister.

The chewing stopped, and her under-jaw sideslipped into

an expression of lip-curling disdain. "She ain't here any more, and anyway she's married now."

The man on the porch was the prototype of a hundred others I had seen in similar scenes—grey, a little beaten, shoved off to the fringes of a world he had never quite been able to master. He took the check and the change, not lifting his eyes to my face until I mentioned Lisa's name.

His expression was questioning, half-suspicious until I told him who I was and how I happened to know his daughter. "Lisa's a good girl," he said, almost belligerently, and I had the feeling that it was something he'd waited a long time to say, almost as if he had been searching for someone to whom it could be said.

To keep the conversation alive, I said something about the lack of resemblance between Lisa and her sister.

"She's only a half sister. Ann's my second wife's girl." His eyes searched my face, and he must have sensed what had happened in the dining-room.

"Ann can't understand a girl like Lisa. Ann or her mother, either. A lot of people around here, especially women, had the wrong idea about Lisa. That's one thing a woman just can't bring herself to forgive—some other woman the men pay more attention to than her."

He sat silent for a moment, and when he spoke again his words were soft-edged and drifting. "It isn't always a woman who doesn't understand. Sometimes it's a man."

There was silence again. Then, suddenly, he asked, "You ever make a mistake?"

I said that everyone had.

He brushed aside my reply. "I don't mean a little mistake. I mean a big one, the kind of mistake that you never go to sleep without thinking about all the rest of your life."

His voice was drifting again. "Lisa's like her mother. Beth, that was her name. Well, Beth had kind of a way of reading

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a man's mind, knowing something she could do to please him sometimes almost before he'd know himself what he wanted her to do. Ever hear of Kettle Creek in Pennsylvania?"

I said that I had fished for trout in the Kettle.

He nodded approvingly. "But I guess you never heard of the Hackle Inn? It burned down a long time ago. Anyway, that's the place. Beth and I had. Wasn't much to start with, just a big old house. We put up trout fishermen in the spring and a few deer hunters for a couple or three weeks in December. But if a man came once, he'd come back. That was because of Beth."

"She could just look at a man and know about all there was to know about him, what he'd be wanting to eat, little things she could do to please him, things nobody else would ever think about."

"It's easy to find a woman that can figure out things about a man after she really gets to know him, but Beth would know right off everything there was to know. Maybe you can't believe that, but it's the truth."

I SAID that I could believe it.

"Beth had a way with men but not with women. Women just didn't understand her. But she kept the men coming, not only for the trout and deer seasons but all year around, more than we could take care of. Got so we could pick and choose."

"Naturally, we picked the big ones, millionaires and steel men and big doctors. We had them from everywhere, Pittsburgh, New York, Cleveland, Detroit, even a couple of movie men from Hollywood."

A truck screeched to a stop out in front, and the old man seemed startled, as if he had

been awakened from a dream.

"I said I made a mistake. Well, I guess I got a little crazy with Beth acting up to all those men the way she did, specially to this one in particular. He was a big man from New York, stocks and bonds and real estate and I don't know what all. He was rich enough to buy and sell me a thousand times over, and I guess that's one thing I was thinking about, seeing him coming offener and offener and every time spending more of his time off some place talking to Beth."

"Well, one night they're down by the creek until almost midnight. It was moonlight and I could see the two of them sitting there on the wharf talking and talking, and I guess you know what I got to imagining. Anyway, Beth finally comes up to bed and starts telling me how we're going to sell Hackle Inn and this man is going to start a big restaurant in New York for her to run."

"I never was much for trouble-making, specially with Beth. I got the idea she'd found somebody a lot better'n me—which wouldn't been too hard; I always had figured I'd been luckier than I had any right to be, Beth marrying me in the first place—so I kept my mouth shut and let her go to New York to look things over. When she got back, I wasn't there any more. I'd just got on a train. When I stopped going, I was in San Francisco."

A shudder ran through his thin body as if he felt a cold current in the warm night air.

"Four or five years went by, bad years, and I'm night-clerking in a little hotel in Oakland. There's a permanent guest in the house that gets a New York paper, and before I'd out it in his box I'd always look through it hoping to see something about Beth. I'd see this man's name on the financial page sometimes, but never anything about Beth, until one night there it was."

"Beth was dead. There'd been a train wreck somewhere

Beauty in brief:

PRETTY NECKLINES

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Every woman over 30 should hang a conspicuous notice bearing the instruction "Every time you wash and cream your face, pay similar attention to the throat and neck."

KEEPING up the good work will help postpone the advent of sagging muscles and crepey skin.

Smooth cream on the throat with up-circling movements of the hands, working from the chest to the base of the throat to the chin. Use the whole palms of both hands firmly. It's the way to work up circulation underneath.

The neck roll is a simple, effective exercise to keep or even improve the line of the throat, which tends to double or sag.

It is done by dropping the head forward and moving it round in a complete circle, touching each shoulder with the chin in passing. Repeat six or more times every day.

Most of us need to watch posture, too. Sitting slumped a large part of the time or hunching down over a book is fatal to neck and shoulder lines.

Try to remember to hold the head upright if you are interested in keeping a young throat.

out on Long Island. Her name was the first on the list, and there was another name. That's the first I knew about Lisa, that there'd been a baby. From seeing how old she was, I knew Lisa was mine.

"I went to New York to get her. It wasn't easy. By the time I got there they had her in a home and there were some people wanting to adopt her. Well, I was going almost crazy, not knowing what to do, and finally I did something I didn't think I could ever do."

"I went to this man. That's when I found out how wrong I'd been about Beth, what a terrible mistake I'd made, and it was him that helped me get Lisa."

A car slowed down and turned in, a couple looking

back toward the cabins. The old man saw them and started to rise. "Don't take any of this as anything against Florence. After I got Lisa, I had to have somebody to look after her, and Florence has been a good wife, better'n I had any right to expect."

"Ann's a good girl, too. I wish they could feel different about Lisa, but I guess you can see why I'm the last one that could hold it against anybody for not understanding a girl that just can't help making men like her."

He went off to talk to the waiting couple, and I walked to the filling station where my car was being repaired. The

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THE TRUTH IS...

White is only half white without blue
The truth is... there is no equal to Reckitt's Blue for keeping white clothes sparkling white... free from yellow.



WASH
However you wash—in a Washing Machine or Copper, washing loosens dirt but only partially removes it.



RINSE
Rinsing is necessary to get rid of the remaining dirt.



BLUE
The final rinse in Reckitt's Blue. This is the way to keep whites truly white... to stop them turning yellow.

★ TESTS PROVE.

Washing tests have shown conclusively the wonderful effect of Reckitt's Blue in preventing whites developing a yellowish tinge. That's why you cannot afford to miss the blue rinse any washday.

Reckitt's Blue

OUT OF THE BLUE COMES THE WHVEST WASH



ALWAYS REMEMBER
THE 3 STEPS TO
SUCCESSFUL
WASHING

A little bird told me . . . that Robin

Starch, the easy-to-mix starch, makes ironing easier and gives a lovely gloss. Robin Starch, the perfect washday companion of Reckitt's Blue.

ROBIN Starch

Gives w-i-n-g-s to your iron

Lighten your hair colour with safe, gentle NAPRO Blonding Emulsion . . . gain new radiant loveliness. Whether you lighten it "just a shade" or make it fairest blonde, you'll be thrilled by its glamour. And NAPRO leaves the hair so wonderfully natural looking, shining, silken-soft.



Napro Blonding emulsion

M. 151. 18

GOODBYE INDIGESTION! Just one dose relieves that pain after meals.

You get really quick relief from stomach pain and discomfort with just one dose of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder!

Macleans scientifically balanced formula instantly neutralises excess acids, soothes the inflamed stomach lining, protects it and enables it to heal. Say goodbye to pain after meals, flatulence, heartburn and biliousness!

Take one teaspoonful of Macleans in water or milk after meals and enjoy blissful relief!

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ALL THE TIME — WITH

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HAIR TONIC
containing 'Cholesterol'
tonic ingredient, prevents
dandruff, promotes lustrous
growth.



PPH 73

Continuing

The Woman Behind Bill Kendrick

job was done and I drove back. Lisa's father was back sitting on the porch again. He flagged me and walked out to the edge of the road. This fellow that Lisa married," he asked. "You said that he worked for your company. How's he getting along?"

I told him that Bill Kendrick had one of the best sales records in the company.

The old man squinted, looking a little worried. "Not too good, is he? Not so good he doesn't need a little help?"

I assured him Bill needed a lot of help and that Lisa was giving it to him.

He nodded, satisfied. "That's the kind of husband a girl like Lisa needs, somebody that can stand a lot of helping and is smart enough to realize it. I guess you'll be seeing her again?"

I thought I would.

"Tell her to come see me when she can."

But I didn't see Lisa again. The next day, back in San Francisco, I called to thank her for an out-of-print book that I had mentioned at Archibald Victor's and that she had somehow managed to find for me and leave at the hotel. There was no answer.

I remembered then that Bill had told Henry Gulheimer that he would drive down on Friday and spend the weekend. Lisa, of course, had gone along.

Then I found the note, written on a scrap of paper, hidden behind the cover of the book. "If I don't see you again, give my best to everyone I know in Pittsburgh—particularly Mr. Judding."

Had she known all along what Scott Judding had asked me to do? I don't know.

Fortunately, I was spared the dilemma of a report. By the time I got back to Pittsburgh, it was a closed issue. The big boss, impatient with the delay, had forced the selection of another man.

A year went by. I'd resigned from the company to devote full time to my novel. One Saturday afternoon, walking down Thomas Boulevard, I heard someone call my name. It was Scott Judding, putting around the rose beds in front of his house.

"By the way," Scott said over a drink, "you met Bill and Lisa Kendrick when you were out in San Francisco last year, didn't you? Did you get the impression there was any trouble between them?"

I said my impression had been quite the contrary.

"Must have come up since," he said. "Bill was in the office yesterday asking for a change of

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territory. He didn't tell me too much, except that it's wife trouble. It seems that she's got quite friendly with one of our big customers, Henry Gulheimer, and now she has everything all fixed for Bill to leave us and take a job with Gulheimer.

"Bill figures there's something between his wife and Gulheimer. There may be. You never know. Naturally, I'm glad not to lose a good man like Bill Kendrick, but I hate to see his marriage go to pot."

There wasn't much I could say to Scott Judding, but I couldn't help thinking about the story I'd heard on the porch of the Honey Haven Hotel, and I kept thinking about it after I was back at my typewriter again. It was a mental block to writing anything else, and, finally, to clear my mind, I wrote a rough draft of the story.

Next morning I read what I'd written. Perhaps when the novel was done, it might make a short story. Or would it? Would anyone believe that Lisa was real, not just a creature of fiction?

Yes, there was one man who would believe—an old man at a tourist camp in the San Joaquin Valley. And there might be another—a big hunk of man who was still acting too much like a kid.

On impulse I chucked the carbon of that rough draft into an envelope, marked it "Personal and confidential," and sent it to William Kendrick.

There was, of course, no acknowledgment. My name wasn't on that first rough draft, there was no return address on the envelope, and I had made all of the names fictitious. If Lisa had seen it, I'm sure she would have known who sent it. Perhaps Bill didn't. I don't know.

This week, glancing through the business section of a news magazine, a name caught my eye. I didn't read the whole story. One sentence was enough:

"Elected to the presidency of California's Gulheimer Packing Company was William C. Kendrick, formerly vice-president in charge of sales, one of a number of younger executives the late Henry Gulheimer brought into the company."

Perhaps now I can forget Lisa Kendrick. I may even live long enough to convince myself that there never was a girl like her, that she was only a product of my imagination. My wife has never believed the story, anyway.

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FOR THE CHILDREN



Even the nicest people may offend . . . without knowing it!

If you're brilliant at sport, yet never seem to score a love set, take a hint and Chloro-PHILLIES—the safe, sure deodorant tablets that keep you fresh all day. You'll never risk offending if you take one tablet for breath and two more during the day for complete body freshness. Chloro-PHILLIES contain a special instant-acting ingredient for the breath as well as long-lasting Chlorophyll for the body.



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Chrysella

COURTAULDS NEW ACETATE YARN

COURTAULDS (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED

Continuing

Detection Unlimited

[from page 26]

someone we know nothing about, which I don't think, sir, it's narrowed to four people, only two of whom seem at all likely. Those unaccounted for at that time are the vicar, Mr. Haswell, young Ladislav, and Gavin Plennmeller." He smiled slightly.

"Well, if the vicar got hold of a gun on the side, and shot Warrenby, or anyone else, with it, I'm resigning before I get kicked out. I can't form an opinion about Mr. Haswell, because he's not one who gives away much, but I don't at all fancy him, for various reasons—the principal one being that I haven't discovered even a hint of a motive for his having wanted to put Warrenby away."

"I'm pretty confident you won't," said the colonel. "I've known him for years—in point of fact, he's a friend of mine—and although a thing like that mustn't be allowed to weigh with either of us, it does enable me to say that if he murdered Warrenby I've been deceived in his character ever since I first knew him!"

"That's all right, sir; he's not my fancy by any means. Which leaves us with Ladislav and Plennmeller. And of those two I prefer Plennmeller."

"The Pole—Ladislav, as you call him—has a definite motive," the colonel pointed out. "Plennmeller, I agree, is perhaps the more likely of the two to have thought out and executed such a careful murder, but he seems to have had no motive at all."

"I wouldn't be too sure of that, sir," said Hemingway. "It's what I particularly wanted to talk to you about. One thing he had, which, so far as we know, no one else had, and that's an automatic pistol of the calibre we're looking for. It's listed among his brother's guns, and it wasn't in his gun cabinet when I went to his house."

"I still can't help you," the colonel said. "I don't like the fellow; I agree that he'd be capable of planning such a murder; but I can only repeat that I know of no reason why he should have done it—unless you think the thrillers he writes have gone to his head, and he wanted to prove he could baffle the police!"

"No, I don't think that, sir—though I don't doubt he thinks he can baffle us. I've got a strong suspicion it's the old story of a man getting away with one murder, and believing that because he's fooled the police once he can do it again."

The colonel sat up with a jerk. "What? Are you suggesting—?"

"I want to know just what happened when Walter Plennmeller was supposed to have committed suicide," said Hemingway.

For perhaps half a minute the colonel sat staring at him, an expression of mingled incredulity and dismay in his face.

"Have you any reason for making such a suggestion?" he said at length, rather explosively.

"Yes, sir, that!" said Hemingway, laying Walter Plennmeller's letter on the desk. "It was found among Warrenby's papers—and I should like to know why he took it out of the file, and kept it locked up in a tin box."

"Took it out of the file? But that is the most irregular—Good heavens!"

"Highly irregular," agreed Hemingway. "It's safe to assume he had a good reason for doing it. I'm bound to say I don't see what it was, but I've got a hunch that letter contains the clue I'm looking for."

The colonel had picked the letter up and was reading it. "I remember it well," he

said. "I hold no brief for Gavin, but in my opinion this is a vile letter to have written! I thought so at the time. In fact, I was extraordinarily sorry for Gavin."

"It seems to show that his brother hated him pretty bitterly, and I suppose he wouldn't have done that without cause."

"That's nonsense!" the colonel said. "Walter didn't hate him at all! What you've got to understand is that Walter was always an uncertain-tempered man, and after he got shot up in the war he used to fly off the handle at the smallest provocation."

He went on slowly. "How much he actually suffered I don't know, and I doubt if anyone did, but he was a real case of nerves shot to pieces. He certainly used to get appalling migraines and he was always complaining of insomnia. The London specialist he went to prescribed tablets for that. It was established that he took one on the night of his death."

"He didn't by any chance take a lethal dose?"

"No. Apart from what the post-mortem revealed, the housekeeper—she's there still, by the way—testified that when she dusted his room the morning before, she noted that only one tablet was left in the bottle he kept on the bedside table. Another bottle, unopened, was found in his medicine-chest."

THERE was a very alert look in the Chief Inspector's face. "So then," he said, "although Plennmeller had the means to his hand to commit suicide in the easiest and most pleasant way possible, he chose to gas himself? That seems to me quite an interesting point, sir, if you don't mind my saying so."

"You mean it's a point we should have gone into."

"I wouldn't go so far as to say that, but it does rather strike me, doesn't it?" said Hemingway apologetically.

"It didn't. And in justice to Inspector Thropton, who was in charge of the case, I must say that there was no reason why it should have. It's quite possible that Walter didn't know what the lethal dose was, or what its immediate effect might be. I don't think it's surprising that he should have preferred to take his usual dose to send him to sleep and turned on the gas. Surely that was as pleasant a way of killing himself as any other?"

"I should think it would be," agreed Hemingway. "If the tablet sent him to sleep in a matter of a minute or so. But if it was like any sleeping-draught I ever heard of and took about half-an-hour to act, well, then I don't think it was such a pleasant way of dying. And, what's more, I don't see what he took it for at all."

The colonel laid his pipe down.

"Confound you, Hemingway!" he said, with an uncertain laugh. "You're beginning to make me feel uncomfortable! I suppose we ought to have considered that—but there didn't seem to be the smallest reason to suspect that there had been foul play! It's true that Gavin was his half-brother's heir, but Plennmeller wasn't a rich man! There's the house and what's left of the estate, but I can tell you with certainty that Plennmeller found it hard to make both ends meet."

He added, as though trying to convince himself. "Would Gavin have murdered his brother just to possess himself of a dwindling income and a

house he can't afford to run as it should be run?"

"Well, sir, I take it that would depend on what the state of his own finances was," said Hemingway. "Judging by that letter, they weren't any too healthy. You only want to come here for what you can get out of me, seems to show that he was trying to get money out of Walter. Did anything come out about that at the inquest?"

"No. I don't think anything much was said about it. It was so obvious—it seemed so obvious—that things had got to be too much for Walter. It wasn't as though he'd never had such an idea, you know. He'd often said that he was tempted to put an end to himself. No one thought he meant it—it sounds an unkind thing to say, but he was so wrapped up in his ailments that he was sometimes quite maudlin about himself and very boring, too!—but it turned out that he had meant it. Or so we believed."

"Yes, I see, sir. But you said a minute or two ago that he didn't hate his brother. This letter looks to me as though he did."

"Yes, but you didn't know him," the colonel said. "To me, this reads like Walter in one of his rages—Dr. Warcup called 'em nerve-storms. I can't tell you the number of frightful rows he had with people. He flew out at me once in the club over something quite trivial. I didn't pay any heed and it soon blew over."

Hemingway nodded.

"He was like that with Gavin," the colonel went on, "but I'm quite sure that he was fond of him, in his way. He was a good bit older, you know, and in the days before his own health was wrecked he was always very sorry for Gavin. He was proud of him, as well. Used to talk a lot about his books and how clever he was. There was nothing he liked better than hearing Gavin scoring off people. Only, of course, sooner or later, Gavin would score off him and then the fat was in the fire again."

Hemingway was listening carefully.

"It's fair to say that no one could amuse Walter more or infuriate him more than Gavin," Colonel Scales continued. "I can't tell you the number of times he's sworn he'd never have Gavin in his house again and blackguarded him to anyone he could get to listen to his grievances. But it always ended in smoke. As soon as he'd cooled off, he used to start missing him, I think. You can imagine that he hadn't many real friends. People naturally shied off and it's my belief he was lonely."

"Anyway, I can assure you that this sort of wild diatribe—" he flicked the letter with one finger—"didn't make much impression on those of us who'd known for years just how much his furies were worth."

He glanced at Hemingway's thoughtful face. "Why it can't have been more than three weeks before he died that he had some sort of a row with Gavin and bored everyone in the smoking-room one afternoon by talking in exactly the style of this letter, and swearing that this time he meant what he said and that he wasn't going to see Gavin again, much less allow him to come down to Thornden House. Well, I can only tell you that about three days before his death he was here in Bellingham, to meet Gavin at the station, and to take him out to Thornden in a hired car, and as pleased as possible about it!"

"That's interesting," said Hemingway. "And what did Gavin do, in three days, to

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drive his brother into committing suicide?"

"It does sound extraordinary, of course," the colonel admitted. "Dr. Warcop—yes, I know what you feel about him, but, after all, he was Walter's medical attendant, and he must have known a good deal about him! Dr. Warcop, as I say, considered that the balance of his mind was disturbed at the time. How much Gavin may have had to do with that, no one can tell. He certainly thought that Walter exaggerated his ailments, and the letter Walter wrote indicates clearly that he didn't scruple to say so. He himself said at the inquest that Walter had complained of migraine on that last day. He described him as 'more than ordinarily on edge.'"

He thought a moment. "Yes," he went on, "I remember now that he was asked if there had been any quarrel between them, and he replied quite frankly that he had become so impatient with his brother for indulging in what he called 'querulous self-pity,' that he had spoken his mind on the subject. Dr. Warcop's opinion, which he expressed privately to me, was that this might well have been enough, in the mood Walter was then in, to have pushed him right over the edge."

"You can say, morally speaking," he concluded, "that Gavin was at least partly responsible for his brother's death. There's no doubt he behaved quite heartlessly to him. Whether he hoped to goad him into committing suicide is a question which, thank God, lay beyond our province! In fairness to him, I should tell you, perhaps, that his subsequent conduct was meticulously correct."

"I expect he made a good witness," said Hemingway thoughtfully.

"A very good witness, under extremely trying circumstances," said the colonel. "One could scarcely have blamed him had he destroyed that letter, but he did no such thing. He put it immediately into Inspector Thropton's hands."

"Of course," he admitted, "it's true that it was the

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housekeeper who first saw the letter, and gave it to him, but she gave me the impression of being fonder of Gavin than of Walter, and it's my private opinion that she might have been coaxed or bribed to say nothing about it. It's to Gavin's credit that he made no attempt to conceal it from us."

An odd little smile flickered in Hemingway's eyes. "Very proper, sir, I'm sure."

"Now what's in your mind?" demanded the colonel suspiciously.

"Well, sir, it was the letter which made you all take it for granted the unfortunate gentleman had committed suicide, wasn't it?" suggested Hemingway.

A buzzer sounded in the room; the colonel picked up one of the two telephones on his desk and listened.

"Send him in," he said shortly. He then laid the instrument down and said: "Harbottle, wanting you."

"Good!" said Hemingway. "I sent him round to Warrenby's office to pick up the file of that inquest. He must have found Coupland still there."

"I think you'd better read the transcript of the proceedings before I say anything more," said the colonel.

"I will, sir."

HEMINGWAY picked up Walter Plennmiller's letter and looked meditatively at it. "When you first read this, it strikes you like any other suicide letter, doesn't it? It's only when you come to think about it that you get the idea that there's something not quite right about it."

"In what way?" Hemingway cocked his head a little to one side, dubiously surveying the letter.

"This is the last letter you'll ever receive from me and I don't propose ever to set eyes on you again," he read aloud. "Well, I suppose that's one way of saying you mean to do yourself in, but it doesn't

seem to me a natural way to put it. You only want to come here for what you can get out of me, and to goad me into losing my temper with your infernal tongue, and to be mad-dened by you on top of all I have to suffer is too much."

He lowered the paper. "You know, sir, the more I think about that, the less I like it. Sounds to me more as if he was telling his brother he wouldn't have him about the place any more than that he meant to kill himself."

"What about 'I've reached the end of my tether'?" countered the colonel. "Then, that bit about the place being Gavin's sooner than he expected?"

"... and when you step into my shoes you can congratulate yourself on having done your bit towards finishing me off," read Hemingway. He rubbed the tip of his nose reflectively.

"Doesn't say Gavin had driven him to commit suicide, does he?" he said. "More like a general strafe against him for plaguing him when his health wasn't good enough to stand any more."

He saw the scepticism in the colonel's face, and added: "Take it this way, sir! Supposing he hadn't committed suicide, and Gavin had happened to show you that letter: would you have thought that was what he'd had in mind?"

The door opened to admit Inspector Harbottle. The colonel grunted a greeting, and took the letter out of Hemingway's hand, and read it through once more.

"No," he said, having considered it for a minute or two. "I don't know that I should. I should probably have thought it was written in one of his fits of temper. But he did commit suicide!"

Hemingway turned to Harbottle and received from him a sheaf of papers, saying briefly: "Thanks, Horace! Mind

if I go through this lot now, sir?"

"No, I should prefer you to. Sit down, Inspector!"

Harbottle pulled up a chair to his chief's elbow and together they read the report of the inquest, while the colonel, after watching Hemingway's face for a few minutes, chose a fresh pipe from the rack on his desk, filled and lit it, and sat smoking and staring out of the window.

For some time nothing broke the silence but the crackle of the sheets as they were turned over, and, once, a request from Harbottle, not so swift a reader as his chief, that a page should not be turned for a moment.

A frown gathered on Hemingway's brow as he read, and several times he flicked the pages back to refer to something which had gone before. When he finally laid the sheaf down there was a very intent look in his eyes and he did not immediately speak.

The colonel glanced at him. "Well? Quite straightforward, isn't it?"

"Wonderfully," said Hemingway. "Just as if all the wheels had been oiled—which I don't doubt they had been."

The colonel flushed. "You believe that we missed something?"

"Sorry, sir! I do. Mind you, I'm not surprised! You'd none of you any reason to suspect Walter's letter wasn't what it seemed to be. I daresay I wouldn't have started to smell a rat, if I hadn't come upon it among Warrenby's own papers, where it had no business to be. It was that which set me thinking."

"But, good heavens, Hemingway, are you suggesting that Warrenby, acting as coroner, suspected all along that the letter was a fake?" exclaimed the colonel, in horrified accents.

"Not all along, no," replied Hemingway. "I should say it was only when he got to think-

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☐ On your lap? ☐ On the table? ☐ Under your chair? If you'd escape the raised eyebrow, remember this when at a restaurant. Accessories are taboo on the table. Avoid clutter—keep 'em out of the butter. The safe proper place for your purse and gloves is on your lap. On calendar days, too, poise comes from knowing that the Kotex moisture-proof panel is deep down, forming the safety centre of each napkin. Whichever side you wear it is the right side with Kotex.



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To keep nails smooth, give them a daily going over with an emery board. Nail care can spare you embarrassing moments. Just as Kotex spares you embarrassment. Only Kotex tapers to fit you—from a deeper centre area where you need protection, to thin flat-pressed ends that positively can't show bulges or ridges.

K04



How can a girl ask a boy out...

☐ Let's have a milkshake? ☐ Meet me at the pictures? ☐ Invite him to your home?

He's shy about asking you out. Here's how you make the bid gracefully. Talk it over with your girl friend—ask her and her man, plus the Shy One up to your place to play records, or ping pong. The more the merrier—that's why you'll be happier on "those" days with Kotex. Kotex is thicker, wider, too, with feather-soft edges that can't chafe. And softer Kotex can't pack hard or go stringy either. It's built for real comfort.



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Featherweight (Blue) with fasteners 1/9
Wonderform (Pink) with pins or fasteners 3/2

What do girls forget most...

☐ Remove make-up at bedtime?
☐ Repair chipped nail polish?
☐ Buy a new Kotex belt?

Maybe you do keep your nails neat—and your face is scrubbed every night. But if you're like most girls you've been putting off buying a new sanitary belt. Next time you buy Kotex choose a new one from the Kotex dispenser right there on the counter. No need to ask—just choose the one that suits you and hand it to the assistant. Three types to suit everyone's needs:

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You see the absolute purity in Lux Toilet Soap when you see its whiteness—white because it is so pure. Lux Toilet Soap is Australia's only pure white toilet soap—gentle enough for the most delicate skin—for baby's skin. Use it just once and you will find your skin feeling as satiny smooth as the lather itself. Your mirror will show you new, wonderful smoothness.

Still another famous movie star adds this advice:

"Lux Toilet Soap will make you lovelier"

says **KATHRYN GRAYSON**

star of Warner Bros. "The Grace Moore Story"

*Buy the big
BATH-SIZE!
How it lathers!
How it lasts!*



9 out of every
10 film stars use
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It's so refreshing!



It's white!



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Eleanor Parker

★ Eleanor Parker, one of Hollywood's loveliest stars, turned down a screen test when she was a waitress. Later she won stardom with ease and clinched it with hard work.

It is seldom that an aspiring actress declines a screen test. Eleanor Parker did so because it was part of her plan for movie success.

She explains it this way: "At the time I wasn't ready for films. I was working as a waitress at the school commissary of a summer stock company at Martha's Vineyard in Massachusetts, trying to get experience and earn some money. I needed both!"

"When I went to Hollywood later on I was lucky enough to be noticed by a talent scout who saw me in the audience at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. He offered me a studio test and I snapped at the chance."

Fortunately young Eleanor's theatre training included the lesson that an actress must first of all learn to act, so she had no idea of becoming one of Hollywood's overnight discoveries.

As things turned out, Eleanor spent the first two years in movies working with drama teachers, posing for photographs, and making rare appearances before the cameras.

Far from being discouraged, she welcomed this basic training as a logical stepping-stone to minor roles.

Eleanor Parker's first picture, made in 1941, was "They Died with Their Boots On," with Errol Flynn.

Her first important screen role was in "Mission to Moscow," made in 1943, and she became a star the following year in "The Very Thought of You."

In the years that followed she enjoyed a varied screen career. In "Pride of the Marines" she played a hero's wife, and in "Escape Me Never" an aristocratic snob. "Of Human Bondage" cast her as a vicious woman, and she had a dual role in "The Woman in White," a period mystery.

Eleanor earned two Academy Award nominations for her work in "Caged," a prison drama made in 1950, and "Detective Story," a psychological drama set in an American night court.

When the Venice Film Festival gave her the "best performance" award for "Caged," she realised that her success plan had paid off.

It was her dramatic acting in these two last which brought Eleanor to the attention of Metro where she demonstrated her talents for comedy and drama as the glamorous shrew in "Scaramouche," and the fearful wife in "Above and Beyond," the 1952 story of the atom-bombing of Hiroshima.

Eleanor Parker may very well be Hollywood's busiest actress in 1954.

She plays an outdoor heroine for the first time as the lovely Southern rebel of "Escape From Fort Bravo."

In "The Naked Jungle" she will be seen as a planter's wife.

Just back from Egyptian locations of "Valley of Kings," in which she co-stars with Robert Taylor and Carlos Thompson, she has several new films awaiting her.

Glancing back at 13 years in Hollywood, Eleanor Parker observes that she never had any really hard knocks career-wise, nor did she ever eat bread and cheese in an attic.

Domestically the 32-year-old actress has not fared happily. A wartime marriage to Navy Lieut. Fred Lovee ended in divorce in 1945.

In 1946 Miss Parker married Bert Friedlob, a sports promoter who during the next seven years became an independent film producer-director.

In May, 1953, the couple announced separation plans.

The three children of the marriage are Susan, who is six, Sharon, aged three-and-a-bit, and 15-months-old Richard.

Eleanor Parker, 5ft. 6in. tall, trim of figure, and blue-eyed, is a natural beauty who doesn't care whether film roles make her look plain or pretty. Such confidence probably stems from the knowledge that even when she looks plain it's pretty-plain.

At home she is a slacks-and-sweater type. In public she makes a point of being chic and glamorous.



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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★ Mr. Potts Goes To Moscow

IF you are amused by mild English farce "Mr. Potts Goes to Moscow" (Associated British) should keep you in a simmer of mirth while the gag on which it is based manages to hold good.

The story is a spoof of cloak-and-dagger doings behind the Iron Curtain in which bumbling comedian George Cole runs loose around the Kremlin.

It plays on the conventional line of mistaken identity, plus the humor that is to be found in the circumstances of a homely English sanitary engineer with a set of plumbing plans in his dispatch-case being spirited off to Moscow in the belief that he is a top-ranking atom scientist.

While Russian back-room boys try to unscramble Cole's own blueprints in terms of atomic research, he is winned, dined, and loaded with honors by local authorities.

But when both the Communists and Cole wake up to the truth of the matter, complications come thick and fast and are prolonged beyond the strength of the basic joke.

Oscar Homolka is a plausible

agent and Nadia Gray an attractive Russian interpreter. In Sydney—Embassy.

★ Scared Stiff

IN "Scared Stiff," the latest film in Paramount's series, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis romp through a collection of farcical situations that fit the film title.

There is little or no new material to be discovered in any of these capers, but at the same time you will get some laughs out of their crazy encounters with gangsters, ghosts, and a truculent zombie.

The boys also find time for their usual musical routines and a get-together with Carmen Miranda aboard a Cuba-bound liner.

As usual, Jerry Lewis works strenuously at being funny. He succeeds some of the time.

When Martin and Lewis scam out of New York to escape uncomfortable gang attentions, they throw in as ghost-busters with Elizabeth Scott, who owns a mysterious island off the coast of Cuba.

This enables them to run a gamut of gags about haunted houses that will undoubtedly satisfy Saturday matinee audiences.

In Sydney—Prince Edward.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★ "Malta Story," war drama, starring Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins, Muriel Pavlow. Plus ★★ "Royal Symphony," full-length documentary in technicolor.

CENTURY.—★★ "The Moon is Blue," comedy, starring William Holden, Maggie McNamara, David Niven. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★ "Mr. Potts Goes To Moscow," comedy, starring George Cole, Nadia Gray, Oscar Homolka. (See review this page.) Plus ★★ "Prince Philip," featurette.

LIBERTY.—★ "Easy To Love," technicolor musical romance, starring Esther Williams, Van Johnson, Tony Martin. Plus featurettes.

LYRIC.—★★★ "The Cruel Sea," British wartime drama, starring Jack Hawkins, Donald Sinden, Denholm Elliott. Plus ★ "Secret Service Investigator," action drama, starring Lloyd Bridges. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★★★ "Rob Roy," technicolor period adventure, starring Richard Todd, Glynis Johns. Plus "The Sea Around Us," Walt Disney's Academy Award winning technicolor feature.

PALACE.—★ "South Sea Woman," adventure, starring Burt Lancaster, Virginia Mayo. Plus "Trail Guide," a Tim Holt Western.

PARK.—★ "The Maze," thriller, starring Richard Carlson, Veronica Hurst. Plus ★ "The Man Who Cheated Himself," mystery, starring Lee J. Cobb, Jane Wyatt. (Re-release.)

PLAZA.—★★★ "How To Marry a Millionaire," technicolor CinemaScope comedy, starring Marilyn Monroe, Lauren Bacall, Betty Grable, Cameron Mitchell. Plus "Coronation Parade," technicolor CinemaScope feature.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "Scared Stiff," comedy, starring Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Elizabeth Scott, Carmen Miranda. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "The Robe," technicolor CinemaScope biblical drama, starring Richard Burton, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★★ "One Summer of Happiness," Swedish-language drama, starring Ulla Jacobson, Folke Sundquist. Plus ★★ "Ukrainian Concert Hall," color music feature.

ST. JAMES.—★ "Rhapsody," technicolor musical drama, starring Elizabeth Taylor, Vittorio Gassman. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★★ "Four in a Jeep," drama, starring Viveca Lindfors, Ralph Meeker. Plus "The Link," feature.

VICTORY.—★ "Thunder in the East," action drama, starring Alan Ladd, Deborah Kerr, Charles Boyer. Plus ★ "Hurricane Smith," technicolor adventure, starring Yvonne de Carlo, John Ireland, Richard Arlen.

Films not yet reviewed

ESQUIRE.—"Go, Man, Go," basketball drama, starring Dane Clark, Patricia Breslin. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—"The Love Lottery," technicolor comedy, starring David Niven, Anne Vernon, Peggy Cummins. Plus "Royal New Zealand Journey," technicolor feature.

STATE.—"Roman Holiday," romantic comedy, starring Gregory Peck, Audrey Hepburn. Plus featurettes.

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WESTCLOX GUARANTEED 12 MONTHS

5 WESTCLOX ALARMS: "Lark," "Bellbird," "Kwii," "Shelby," "Baby Ben."



1. AUDITION for Ben Pollack (himself), centre, is break for trombonist Glenn Miller (James Stewart). He and Chummy McGregor (Henry Morgan), right, go on tour.

2. DECISION to leave Pollack and devote his time to arranging is influenced by booker Don Haynes (Charles Drake), who believes he can get work for Miller as an arranger. Chummy disagrees.



3. ROMANCE with Helen (June Allyson) ends in marriage when Miller realises she supplies needed inspiration.

Glenn Miller Story

★ In Universal's technicolor musical biography "The Glenn Miller Story," the human story of Glenn Miller (played by stars James Stewart and June Allyson) is fortified with a generous score of hit music.

Tunes which highlight the story include "Moonlight Serenade," "In the Mood," "Tuxedo Junction," and "Chattanooga Choo Choo."

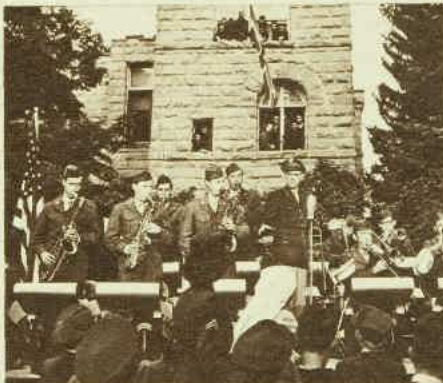
Seven members of the original Glenn Miller orchestra are in the film.



4. BANK SAVINGS give Miller. Chummy, and Haynes chance to start a band of their own. However, the venture is a financial flop.



5. LUCK finally turns for Miller when banker Si Shribman (George Tobias) puts up enough money to form a new band. From there on the Glenn Miller band is a musical and financial success.



6. WAR sends Miller into the U.S. Army Air Force, where he is part of an entertainment unit. He makes repeated requests to take the band overseas, but his requests are ignored.



7. FAREWELLING Helen and the children. Miller finally gets his wish to take the band overseas to entertain the troops. The tour is one of the greatest morale builders of the war.



8. SAD NEWS arrives at Christmas that Miller, flying from Paris to London for an engagement, has been lost in a plane crash. Helen tunes in to hear Miller's band broadcast without its leader.

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Page 43

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[from page 39]

ing about it more particularly that he began to have his doubts, just as I did. Probably after Gavin took up his residence in Thornden, and showed clearly what sort of a neighbor he was going to be. Silly of him to have made an enemy of Warrenby. That was his conceit, of course, thinking he could run rings round anyone he chose."

He continued, "Well, I've got plenty of evidence to lead me to suppose that Warrenby's reaction to the sort of contemptuous way Gavin probably treated him would have been to see if he couldn't get some kind of a hold over him. He'd be bound to think over Walter Plenneller's death. It was easy for him to go over the inquest again, at his leisure. He may have felt as I do about the letter, or there may be something in it, which I haven't spotted, that struck him as fishy."

The colonel frowned thoughtfully.

"You can take it that Warrenby didn't remove the letter from the file because he wanted a bit of bedtime literature," Hemingway added.

"Do you believe it to be a forgery?" the colonel asked. "I don't set up to be a handwriting expert, but I'd swear to it as Walter's handwriting."

Hemingway nodded. "Oh, yes, I wasn't questioning that, sir! Do you know if the envelope was preserved?"

"I can't remember that I ever saw an envelope, but if Carsethorne's in the station, we'll soon find out. He was on that case with Thropton," replied the colonel, picking up the house telephone.

"He is, sir," said the Inspector. "I've just been having a word with him."

The sergeant came quickly in answer to the summons. Upon the questions being put to him, his eyes narrowed, as though he were bringing a distant view into focus.

After a moment's exercise of memory, he said positively: "No, sir. We never saw the envelope. Mr. Plenneller handed the letter to Inspector Thropton, spread open, like it is now. He said something about supposing he'd got to give it to the police, though his instinct—no, his baser self was what he said—made him a sight more inclined to put it on the fire."

"Sounds lifelike," commented Hemingway. "If you asked me, it was his baser self that made him hand you the letter. I wish I could see the envelope, though I don't suppose there was ever a chance that anyone would have been allowed to."

"The housekeeper said it," said the sergeant. "I remember she told us how she was the one who saw the letter first. On the bedside table it was. She said it had the one word, Gavin, written on it."

"It had, had it? Well, it can't be helped: it's a safe bet the housekeeper wouldn't know whether it was Walter's writing or only a copy of it."

"What are you getting at?" demanded the colonel. "Why do you think the envelope may have been significant?"

"Just an idea I've got at the back of my mind, sir," replied Hemingway, stretching out his hand to pick up the letter. "A little while ago, you were telling me that only three weeks before Walter's death he was saying that he wouldn't have Gavin in the house again or even see him."

"But he did have him in the house again. Whatever the quarrel may have been, it was made up."

"Yes, sir. But it occurs to me that that's exactly what he says in this letter."

Hemingway raised his eyes

from the letter, one brow lifting quizzically, but no one spoke. All three men were watching him closely and in the colonel's face was an expression of dawning comprehension.

"Well," Hemingway continued, "I've now studied this letter till I'm sick of the sight of it, and, apart from the points I've already mentioned, there's only one thing about it which looks to me a little suspicious. Walter had a sprawling sort of writing, and a trick of joining one word to the next through not bothering to take his pen off the paper. Will you take a look at the date at the top of the page, sir, and tell me what you think?"

He laid the letter down before the colonel, and, with one accord, Harbottle and Carsethorne moved round the table to obtain a view of it. The colonel looked closely at it and then across the desk at Hemingway.

"The figure two seems rather close to the five," he said slowly.

"Look where the light, upward stroke from the Y of May reaches it!" said Hemingway. "It joins the two at the bottom of the figure, not, as you'd expect, at the loop at the top. How he made a two, starting from the bottom of the diagonal line, I can't imagine. But if you carry that faint line from the Y on, in your mind's eye, the way it's going, I think you'll find it would join the five exactly where it should, supposing Walter had dated his letter May 3 and not May 25."

The sergeant drew in his breath with a hissing sound; Harbottle cast a glance of grim, vicarious pride at his chief; the colonel sat back rather limply in his chair.

"So," he said, "you think this letter may have been written at the time of the quarrel I told you about—But it's diabolical!"

"Well, it'll have to go up to our expert immediately, sir, before we can be sure. It's little more than guess work as yet. And I wonder whether it's already been in the hands of an expert?" he added pensively. "I should say, it had—though not our chap."

Harbottle, who had glanced at his watch, said: "Let me take it, chief! I can catch the 6.35 train and come back first thing in the morning. I've just time to put a call through to headquarters and warn them to stand by."

Hemingway nodded and gave him the letter. As he left the room with his long stride, Sergeant Carsethorne said in a shocked voice: "But—but are you telling us, sir, that it wasn't a case of suicide at all?"

"I won't put it as high as that till I get a verdict on that letter," replied Hemingway. "But, assuming for the moment that the letter was written on May 3 and not the 25th, the suicide doesn't look anything like as good. If you hadn't been given that letter, you'd have looked a deal more closely into it than you did, wouldn't you? Let's take a look at it now!"

He drew in his breath. "First," he began, "we have this Mrs. Bromwich deposing that her master had been in one of his bad moods that day. What put him in a bad mood? Migraine, or his brother Gavin carefully working him up? We shall never know the answer, of course, so we'll leave that. At 10.00 Mrs. Bromwich goes up to bed. Her room's over the kitchen and there's a door that shuts the servants' quarters off from the main bedrooms. I

To page 45

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from page 44

expect it corresponds with the one downstairs, which I've seen."

Sergeant Carsethorn nodded briefly. He and the colonel were listening intently.

Hemingway resumed. "The gardener, we find, sleeps over the stables. Half an hour later, Gavin goes to bed—or so he states. The coroner put a question to him about that. I wonder if he had his suspicions as early as that?" He hunted through the transcript.

"Yes, here we are," he said. "Asked him if he usually went to bed so early. Answer: No, very rarely. Had you any reason for changing your custom? Answer: My presence appeared to exacerbate my brother, so I thought it wise to remove myself. Quite neat. Gives the picture of Walter beside himself and leaves us to suppose that Gavin may have been asleep when the gas fumes began to creep out of Walter's room. I should say he took his own measures to keep them out of his own room."

He paused, then continued briskly. "We have nothing after that until we came to Mrs. Bromwich taking Walter's early tea to his room. She said there was a funny smell, which made her cough, and she couldn't get into Walter's room. So she goes across the upper hall to wake Gavin. Finds him asleep, tells him there's something wrong. He smells the gas at once and gets up quickly and goes with her to Walter's room, first putting on his dressing-gown and slippers. All very natural—and I daresay the dressing-gown had a pocket. He tries the door, finds it locked, and sets his shoulder to it, breaking the lock. Gas fumes make them both reel back. Then we come to the handsome tribute Mrs. Bromwich paid to 'Mr. Gavin.'"

A sardonic smile touched Hemingway's lips. "Mr. Gavin" didn't hesitate. He dashed into the room, flung back the curtains, and opened all three casements. The wind was blowing in at that side of the house; it seemed to blow the gas right down Mrs. Bromwich's throat, and fair made her choke. And considering how much gas there must have been in the room, I'm sure I'm not surprised. Mr. Gavin then makes another dash for the gas stove and turns off the tap and gasps out an order to Mrs. Bromwich: she has to go downstairs at once and ring up the doctor. So that gets Mrs. Bromwich nicely out of the way.

"By the time she gets back, Mr. Gavin is standing at the head of the staircase, looking dreadfully bad and coughing fit to break a blood vessel. Very likely, I should think, there were quite a few things he had to do in the room before she came back."

Again the sardonic smile touched Hemingway's lips. "If I'm right, he had to slip the door key under Walter's pillow for Dr. Warcop to find in due course; he had to stuff a bit of rag into the keyhole; he had to finish off the job of fixing adhesive tape round the door. I should think he put most of it on when he went in the night before: it was bound to get broken as soon as the door was opened, so he was safe to stick it on everywhere but on the side where the door opens."

"As for that towel, which we hear got thrust back when the door was burst open and had obviously been stuffed between the bottom of the door and the floor, my guess is that it was carefully arranged a little way from the door to prevent just that appearance. Well, back comes Mrs. Bromwich, saying the doctor's coming at once. Gavin tells her it's too late: Walter must have been dead for hours and it's a case for the police. Well, we know Dr. Warcop isn't what you might call good at fixing times, but he doesn't seem to have had much doubt about this. Walter was cold. When he turned up, Gavin told him it was too late for him to do anything and let Mrs. Bromwich go with him into the room. Which is when Mrs. Bromwich sees that letter, and gives it to him, and Dr. Warcop finds the key of the room. So there it is: an open-and-shut case, with everyone behaving very properly all round."

He gave a shrug. "Later," he concluded, "Gavin gives evidence at the inquest and the result of that is that all the people who'd been thinking he behaved pretty badly to his brother start thinking that, after all, it's a bit rough on him to have to sit there listening to Walter's letter being read aloud in court and very noble it was of him not to have destroyed it. I'll bet he enjoyed that day!"

There was a pause. The sergeant, who had been listening, fascinated, to this exposition, said, "You've got me believing that's how it happened!"

"I've got myself believing it," returned Hemingway. "If it's true," said the

colonel, "if we find that you're right about the letter, you've got a strong case against Gavin without any further evidence."

"I want a stronger," said Hemingway. "I want that Colt Woodsman pistol."

"Ah!" said the sergeant heavily. "And he's had plenty of time to get rid of it."

"If he has got rid of it," agreed Hemingway.

The sergeant stared at him. "Sir, you don't think he'd keep it, do you?"

"I don't know. You've got to bear in mind that he thinks we're searching for a rifle. What's more, it isn't all that easy to dispose of a pistol, particularly when you haven't got a car to get you well away from your own district to some likely pond or something of that nature. The thing I'm afraid of is that he may have thrown it into this river I've heard so much about."

"You needn't be afraid of that," said the colonel. "It's quite shallow and at the moment there's hardly any water in it at all. I've never known such a season: we haven't had a spate since the beginning of March. He's more likely to have thrust it down a rabbit hole or to have buried it."

"Well, looking at it from the psychological angle, sir, I should say he'd go in for something a bit more classy."

"Railway cloakroom?"

Hemingway shook his head. "Too hackneyed for him. Besides, he might expect it to be one of the first places I'd check up on, if ever I got on to the real weapon. If this were London, I should want to know if he rented a safe deposit, but I don't suppose you've got any here, have you?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Ah, well! I daresay it would have been a bit too obvious, anyway," said Hemingway philosophically. "He's probably put it somewhere I should never think of looking for it, which means that I shall have to rely more than I like on circumstantial evidence, or read all the books he's written, on the chance that he's used the idea before."

To page 47

For that "brand new" look... use the BEST STARCH IN THE WORLD



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As I read the stars By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Hidden competition, silent opposition may come out into the open, March 11. At least you will know what to expect after that. March 13 inclines to hasty, impulsive action.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Lovers' meetings should be happy on March 10. This day is important if you are standing for office in some organisation. March 12 is adverse.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): No matter how hard you work or display your talents, March 10 holds out scanty reward. Be prepared to wait until March 12 for thanks or recognition.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): If eager to extend your horizons, general knowledge, or particular skills, March 9 may be the start of a fine programme. March 11 is likely to be filled with interruptions.

LEO (July 23-August 22): March 10 could bring news of a bonus, a small increase in pay, or a surprise gift. March 14 favors business.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): You'll need to meet people more than half way to gain your objective on March 10. On the evening of March 12 you shine in romantic glory.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Buoyant health, extra energy give a zip to the week. Particularly good for all purposes are March 10 and 15.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Has everything gone wrong and do you think you've had a rough deal on March 9? Perk up on March 11 and show your mettle.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): A pet scheme worked out on March 9, which concerns a personal matter or your surroundings, will be carried through triumphantly on March 11.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Watch for a letter, listen for a ring on March 13, when you may take a long step forward in your plans. Put the brake on extravagance on March 15.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): If starting a new job or making financial arrangements, March 9 is the turning-point. On March 13 you're under long-term influences.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Some of you will clap your hands with glee on March 12 and writhe with disappointment on March 14. Try to avoid exaggerated sentiments.

Make it right with Masonite!

Smaller homes need the room that would normally be occupied by a dining table. So here's a dashing idea that you can incorporate in your new home, or adapt to the home you're living in, by using inexpensive Masonite Presdwoods—a dining room that deftly *disappears*.

Look at the illustration below. That modern table is made from Tempered Presdwood, polished or stained. Once the meal is over it slides smoothly through the servery into the kitchen, where the dishes can be unloaded within arm's reach of the sink. Washing-up completed, the table can slide back or stay where it is to leave your living room free for entertaining or for family fun. Table, walls, floor, cupboards and ceiling can all be *better built* in Masonite.



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Aluminium or plastic mouldings make applying Masonite one of the easiest of jobs . . . and give a particularly decorative touch to ceilings. Many different types of moulding are readily available for various purposes.

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Build a simple framework, cover it with Masonite Presdwood or Princicote—and you'll have rigid, inexpensive cupboards for storing crockery and table utensils. Masonite resists knocks, bumps and hard wear.



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Nail Masonite Tempered Presdwood directly to flooring boards for a handsome and inexpensive floor covering. Attractive patterns can be designed and laid in separate pieces. When polished with anti-slip wax, Masonite Tempered Presdwood glistens beautifully and resists the hardest, roughest wear.



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Top the table and work areas with Masonite Tempered Presdwood for steel-tough wear resistance. Finish the edges with decorative aluminium or plastic moulding. Plastic moulding is available in a variety of bright, attractive colours.

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think that if the licence for them hasn't run out, which it hasn't, it's all right for him to hang on to them." The sergeant was looking pleased with his thought.

"So how would it be," he asked, a touch of pride in his voice. "If I was to send one of our chaps out to call on him, like it was a routine job? Just a uniformed constable, sent to explain that all this business has brought it to the attention of the police that the late Mr. Plennmiller's guns were never handed in and that they must be. He can have a list of them and check it over with Mr. Gavin Plennmiller. What's Mr. Plennmiller going to do then?"

"Hand over the guns in the cabinet and deny all knowledge of the Colt," answered Hemingway promptly.

"If he did that it would look pretty suspicious, wouldn't it, sir?"

"It would, but you'd never prove he was lying. From what I've seen of Mr. Gavin Plennmiller, I wouldn't envy your uniformed constable his job, either. He'd find Gavin all readiness to oblige and he could think himself lucky if he got away without having had to help turn out every chest and cupboard and trunk in the house in an attempt to find what I'm up to."

"Look here!" said the colonel, a little uneasily. "What you've been saying is extraordinarily plausible, but aren't we going too fast? We're all three of us talking as though there were no doubt Gavin murdered Warrenby!"

"There isn't, sir," said Hemingway calmly.

This pronouncement made the colonel look searchingly at him. "Well, Hemingway, you know your own business best. What's the next move?"

Continuing

Detection Unlimited

from page 45

"I want Sergeant Carsethorn to do a bit of investigation for me, if you don't mind, sir."

"Very happy to, I'm sure!" said the gratified sergeant.

"It'll be better if you do it," explained Hemingway. "You know the party concerned and you've already questioned him once. You can say you forgot to take a note of what he said or any other lie you fancy; we don't want him to spread it all over the village that you've been asking searching questions about Gavin Plennmiller."

"You can trust me, sir!" the sergeant assured him. "But who is it?"

"I don't think you ever told me his name. But I seem to remember that when you were describing the dramatic personae to me in this very room when I first came down here, you spoke of some old boy who's got a cottage opposite the entrance to Wood Lane."

"That's right, sir; George Rugby."

"Rugby! Then you did mention the name, because that's brought it back to me. My memory's not as good as it used to be," said Hemingway, shaking his head over this lapse.

"Too bad, sir!" said the sergeant, once more on the broad grin. "Still, it's good enough to be going on with! What do you want me to find out from Rugby?"

"Didn't you tell me he'd seen Mrs. Cliburn and Plennmiller coming away from the Cedars on Saturday evening? You were trying to find out if either of them did anything suspicious, but neither of them did, and neither of them was carrying anything that might have contained a rifle, which were the two points we happened to be concentrating on. What I want to know now is, which came down the lane

first? Mrs. Cliburn or Mr. Plennmiller?"

The sergeant gasped. "I did miss that, and I oughtn't to have. By the time I got round to making inquiries in the village, I'd interviewed so many people—still, it's no excuse! I didn't suspect anyone in particular, and what with old Rugby being one of those who take half an hour to tell you a simple story and me taking it for granted he'd seen Mr. Plennmiller before he saw Mrs. Cliburn, I properly slipped up." He glanced at his watch.

"I'd like to go out to Thornden right now, sir, if you've no objection. The police station is only two doors off Rugby's cottage, so I can pretend I've got business with Hobkirk, and if Rugby's sitting outside, which he probably will be on an evening like this, it'll be natural enough for me to stop and pass the time of day with him—supposing anyone should happen to be watching what I'm up to."

AS the door closed behind Sergeant Carsethorn, the colonel asked, "By the way, have you done anything more about that other affair? Aimstable's business?"

"I asked my chief to make discreet inquiries, sir. Which reminds me that I may as well tell him to forget it," said Hemingway, getting up and gathering his various papers together.

"I won't pretend I'm not glad you're dropping that," said the colonel frankly.

"Nothing to do with me, sir," said Hemingway, tucking the papers under his arm. "Unless there's anything more you want to discuss with me,

I'll be getting along. Precious little more I can do till Harbottle gets back, except get Warrenby's clerk to go through the documents I took away from Fox House and that can wait till I've had my supper."

Upon the following morning, the Chief Inspector consumed a leisurely and a somewhat belated breakfast. He liked to be left in peace at this meal and since he did not expect Harbottle to arrive in Bellingham until twenty-seven minutes past ten, when the fast train from London made Bellingham its first stop, and knew very well that his identity had been disclosed by the landlord to the three commercial who had arrived at the Sun on the previous day, it seemed desirable to him not to emerge from his bedroom until these fellow-guests had departed on their several errands.

Hemingway left the inn a little while before the London train was due and walked through the town towards the station. He found South Street extremely congested with various persons trying to park their cars against the kerb and holding up all the traffic while they performed their complicated evolutions; and when he reached the market place he discovered the reason for all this activity.

Wednesday was Bellingham's market day and the wide square was crowded with omnibuses, stalls, vociferous merchants, and keen shoppers. Every branch of trade seemed to be represented, from a stall displaying bric-a-brac to one presided over by a stout individual who invitingly slapped a large and yellow object, stentoriously proclaiming: "Haddock's, haddock's, haddock's!"

Hemingway, threading his way through the crowd, came upon Abby Dearham, who was carrying a basket already overflowing and who seemed to be in attendance on her aunt. She greeted him with her unaffected friendliness.

"Hallo! Whatever are you doing here? Are you marketing?"

"No, but I can see I ought to be," he replied.

"Well, you really do pick up the most marvellous bargains sometimes. Everyone always comes in on market day; it's one of the done things. If you happen to like goat's milk cheese, the Women's Institute, over there, beside the fruit and vegetables, have got some, which my aunt brought in, and—"

Hemingway waited expectantly, but it was rapidly borne in upon him that Miss Dearham had suddenly lost interest in him. She appeared to have caught sight of a heavenly vision, and was staring beyond the Chief Inspector, an expression of fond idiocy upon her countenance. Turning his head, he perceived that young Mr. Haswell was bearing down upon them, looking quite as foolish as Miss Dearham, and even more oblivious of his surroundings.

"Charles!" she cried delightedly. "What are you doing here?"

The Chief Inspector, realising that he was intruding into an idyll and that two at least of Thornden's detectives had abandoned the search for truth, withdrew without excuse or leave-taking, and proceeded on his way to the station.

The train was just pulling out of it when he reached it, and he met Inspector Harbottle in the station yard. The inspector came striding briskly towards him.

"You win, Chief!" he said. "Well, I hope I shall, but

I'm not liking it much at the moment," replied Hemingway, disappointingly unenthusiastic. "Was it the date?"

"It was. The superintendent had Action stay on. He says you're a wonder, sir."

"He's mistaken. However, I'm glad there's something I've managed to spot."

"Anything gone wrong?" asked the inspector anxiously.

"No, but I'm getting to be annoyed with myself. I don't deny that letter strengthens my case a lot, but the one thing I want I positively don't know where to look for."

"The gun," said Harbottle. "I've been wondering about that all the way down from town. I don't see that we've a hope of finding it, but I think you've got enough on Plennmiller to justify you making an arrest. What did the doctor say about the stains on the carpet?"

"Oh, they're blood all right! Same group as Warrenby's, too. The doctor got hold of the collar he was wearing when he was shot; that was bloodstained, of course. And I took those papers round to Coupland last night and he was quite sure two letters at least were missing. That's all right, as far as it goes, but neither the bloodstains nor the missing letters incriminate Plennmiller."

Resolutely, he added, "I rather hoped I might be able to establish that he came down Wood Lane after the vicar's wife did. Do you remember Carsethorn saying that one of the villagers had seen them both coming away from the Cedars on Saturday? Well, I sent Carsethorn out to Thornden after you left yesterday, to talk to this character."

"No good?"

"I wouldn't go so far as to say that exactly. I should say, from what Carsethorn told me

To page 53

"THESE FROCKS LOOK LIKE NEW AFTER 4 YEARS WEAR

thanks to gentle Velvet care" says Mrs. J. Thompson

1. "You'd never believe these frocks were four years' old—they look new this season" marvelled Aunt Jenny. Mrs. Thompson smiled. "They've had plenty of wear. But of course they've always been washed in Velvet so they've never needed any hard rubbing."



2. "I think my son will be a chef when he grows up" laughed Mrs. Thompson. "He's a wizard at mud pies, and Ann's not far behind. Thank goodness Velvet is so helpful for their clothes, especially on the extra-grimy parts where dirt sticks tightly."



3. Should husbands help with the washing-up? Mrs. Thompson says yes! Mr. Thompson says, "Well . . . dish-washing is no trouble anyway when you use Velvet!" Both agree that Velvet's extra-soapy suds beat grease, make dishes shine.



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Nutrition Experts say that one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar plus bread and butter (or toast) gives you one third of your daily food needs. So here's a complete, nourishing breakfast with no greasy grillers or pans to wash. Only 30 seconds to serve from packet to plate!

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Kellogg's

MOTHER KNOWS BEST!



Delightful new recipe— "HONEY CORN FLAKE MUFFINS"

2 cups Kellogg's Corn Flakes; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup salt; 1 egg; 1 cup milk; 2 cups sifted shortening; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon flour; 2 teaspoons baking powder.

Cream the shortening with honey. Add egg and beat mixture well. Crush Corn Flakes finely. Mix with sifted flour, salt and baking powder. Add to creamed mixture alternately with the milk, stirring lightly and mixing evenly. Two-thirds fill greased muffin or deep patty pans with mixture. Bake in moderately hot oven for 20 to 25 minutes.



For the Part-Time Cook

by our Food
and Cookery Experts

Cooking for the family is an important job, but homemakers who can devote only part of their time to it must make every minute count.

MENU

Spinach cream soup
Mock roast vegetables (carrots, potatoes, peas)
Peach bombe alasks with creamed rice

If you are a part-time cook, plan menus carefully. Include recipes that can be prepared or partly prepared a day ahead or that require little cooking time.

Because any advance preparation will have to be done early in the morning or the night before, it is best to choose dishes that will not deteriorate in flavor or appearance by being kept.

The following menu is well worth adding to your collection of "quick-and-easy" dinners.

Spoon measurements in all our recipes are level.

SPINACH CREAM SOUP

(Keeps two or three days; reheats without spoiling.)

One quarter bunch spinach, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 2½ tablespoons flour, 2½ cups milk, 1 onion, 3 or 4 sprigs parsley, salt, cayenne pepper, pinch nutmeg, ½ teaspoon sugar, squeeze lemon juice, cheese toast fingers.

Thoroughly wash spinach, cut up roughly, first removing white stalks. Place in saucepan (water clinging to the leaves is sufficient), sprinkle lightly with salt. Cook gently until quite tender. Rub through a strainer. Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, very finely chopped onion, parsley, salt and cayenne pepper. Continue stirring until

boiling, simmer 10 minutes. Fold in spinach puree, nutmeg, sugar, and lemon juice. Serve hot with fingers of cheese toast.

If available, an electric blender may be used for the soup. Place cooked spinach in blender with all other ingredients, blend ½ minute. Turn into saucepan, stir until boiling, simmer 5 minutes.

MOCK ROAST

(Prepare ahead and reheat in oven, or by standing ring-tin in pan of gently boiling water.)

One and a half pounds veal steak, 1 lb. filler of pork (or try using 1 lb. pork luncheon sausage), 2 onions, pinch herbs, 1 packet chicken soup (made according to directions, but using only 1½ cups water), 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg-yolk, salt, pepper, chutney.

Put veal and pork through mincer, add chopped onion, herbs, prepared soup, breadcrumbs, egg-yolk, salt and pepper. Allow to stand about ½ hour. Fill into ring-tin, greased and coated with crumbs. Cover with greased paper, bake 1½ hours approximately. Serve with chutney.

VEGETABLES

Carrots: Use baby carrots, scrape and cook whole. This saves time and conserves food value.

Peas: Shell whenever time allows, store in ice-chest or refrigerator wrapped in food-wrapping plastic

APPETISING dinner illustrated above depends for success on advance planning and preparation. The dishes include spinach cream soup, mock roast with vegetables, and peach bombe alasks with creamed rice.

or in screw-top jars with small amount of water.

Potatoes: Use either old or new potatoes, cut into cubes for quick cooking. Drain, steam, sauté with a little butter and pepper and serve sprinkled with mint or parsley.

PEACH BOMBE ALASKAS WITH CREAMED RICE

(The quantity of creamed rice is sufficient to make another sweet next day if combined with baked apples or any other fruit.)

Creamed rice, 4 peach halves, ice-cream, 2 egg-whites, 6 tablespoons sugar, cherries.

To 3 cups cooked rice add ½ pint milk, 3 tablespoons sugar and ½ tin evaporated milk. Simmer over low heat, stirring frequently until very thick. Fold in 2 egg-whites and 1 dessertspoon butter, cook 2 or 3 minutes longer without boiling. Cool slightly, add vanilla and almond essence. Spoon 2 or 3 tablespoons into each of four serving dishes, allow to become cold. Just before serving fill each peach half with ice-cream, coat with meringue made by beating egg-whites with sugar until it stands in peaks. Place under grill for a minute or two to set and lightly brown meringue. Serve at once on top of creamed rice, decorate with a cherry.

PRIZE RECIPES

Dutch apple tart, the main prize-winner in this week's contest, is an unusual apple dish for afternoon tea or dessert.

NOW figs are at their best, try making the delicious fig jam which wins a consolation prize. It keeps very well if the figs are fresh, dry, and not quite ripe. Over-ripe fruit must be avoided.

Other consolation prizes go to recipes for a frosted spice cake, and a new style steak and kidney pudding.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

DUTCH APPLE MERINGUE

Half pound dried apples, 1/3rd cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, grated rind and juice

of 1/4 lemon, pinch salt, extra 3 dessertspoons sugar, 1 uncooked shortcrust pastry case.

Soak apples overnight. Drain off excess water. Cook gently until soft and pulpy. Add butter, sugar, 1 whole egg and 1 egg-yolk lightly beaten, lemon rind and juice, and salt. Fill into lined tart plate, cook in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, and cook until filling is slightly firm. Beat egg-white to meringue consistency with extra sugar. Spread over top of apple, and bake in a slow oven until meringue is set and lightly browned.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. K. Wollard, Pakenham Upper, Vic.

FROSTED SPICE CAKE

Four tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 cup brown sugar (firmly packed), 2 egg-yolks, 2 cups self-raising flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/4 teaspoon each nutmeg and ground cloves, 1/4 teaspoon allspice, 1/2 cup milk.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add egg-yolks one at a time, beat well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with the milk. Place in greased and lined 8in. cake tin. Bake in moderate oven 50 minutes. Allow to cool. Spread top with raisin nut filling, cover top and sides with frosting.

Raisin Nut Filling: Three-quarters cup brown sugar (firmly packed), 2 tablespoons butter, 1/4 cup water, 1/2 to 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1/4 cup seeded raisins, cream.

Heat sugar, butter and water in saucepan, cook until mixture forms a soft ball when dropped into cold water. Remove from heat, add nuts and raisins. Mix to spreading consistency with cream. Spread over top of cake.

Frosting: Two egg-whites, 1 1/2 cups brown sugar (firmly packed), 5 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Place egg-whites, sugar, and water into basin, and beat over boiling water for 14 minutes, or until mixture stands in peaks. Remove from heat, add vanilla. Beat until very thick, spread over top and sides of cake.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Earl, 14 Stewart St., Eastwood, N.S.W.



LEMON-FLAVORED apple filling covered with a thin layer of meringue makes this Dutch apple tart which may be served for afternoon tea or as a dinner dessert. See recipe.

NEW STYLE STEAK AND KIDNEY PUDDING

One pound topside steak, 2 kidneys, 2 carrots, 2 onions, 3 small tomatoes (skinned and chopped), salt and pepper to taste, pinch herbs, 1/2 pint water or stock, 1 1/2 cups self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon clarified fat, 2 eggs, 1/2 cup milk.

Trim steak, cut into dice. Skin kidneys, remove core. Soak 1/2 hour in cold salted water, chop finely. Place steak and kidney in saucepan with diced carrots, onions, tomatoes, salt, pepper, herbs, and stock. Cover and simmer gently until meat is tender—1 1/2 to 1 3/4 hours. Sift flour and salt, add melted fat, beaten eggs and milk. Fold in cooked meat and vegetables (drained free of gravy). Turn into greased basin, cover with

greased paper, steam 2 hours. Serve hot, with gravy from meat thickened with a little blended flour and heated.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Lawson, Ballina Flats, Darley St., Darlinghurst, Sydney.

FIG JAM

Four pounds figs, 4lb. sugar, 1 pint water, 1 cup good vinegar.

Cut figs into 4 to 6 pieces according to size. Boil together remaining ingredients, then place figs in the syrup and cook steadily until the mixture "jells" when tested, stirring occasionally. Cool slightly, fill into heated jars, seal and label when cold.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. S. Kapper, 7 Grant St., Ashgrove, Qld.

Rest and sleep

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

SOUND sleep is essential for the well-being of every expectant mother, baby, and growing child.

Nature demands rest for the body when growth is taking place and when there is repair work to be done to worn-down tissues. Without sufficient sleep and rest there cannot be good nutrition.

Before bedtime a child should never be played with too much and overstimulated. Regular hours and rest soon form good sleeping habits.

A leaflet giving common causes of disturbed sleep can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. A stamped addressed envelope should be sent with the request.



AMERICAN VOGART transfer pattern No. 205 is another new sheet of embroidery motifs now available. The motifs are made so that they may be cut into sections or used in bands. From this one transfer you can embroider three pairs of pillowcases or sheets; or the designs can be individually used on scarves, blouses, or underwear. The sheet, which measures 24in. x 28in., costs 2/6 from our Needlework Department. See page 52 for address.



New Variety! New Flavour!
... for Lenten Meals

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INSIST ON

"GREENSEAS"—the best of the fish in every can!



Praised by Connoisseurs the World over.



ATTRACTIVE SWEATER which can be worn with a pretty chiffon scarf tucked into the open, V-shaped neckline, as shown above, or buttoned higher to the throat. The original design came from Austria and was worked in a soft green wool. Bands of green and yellow were introduced into the sleeves.

Button-up sweater

This superbly designed sweater has a ribbed basque, button-up top, and gaily striped sleeves. Knitted in purl and plain, it is an easy pattern for the beginner.

DIRECTIONS given below are for sizes 32 and 33in. bust, but the sweater can also be worn by size 34.

Materials: Patons "Beehive" fingering 4-ply "Patonised" (this is the only wool which should be used); light green, 7oz.; yellow, 2oz.; dark green, 1oz. 1 pr. each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles; stitch-holder; 7 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 32-33in. bust; length from shoulder 19in.; length of sleeve seam, 7 1/2in.

LEFT FRONT

Using light green wool and No. 12 needles, cast on 116 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 3 1/2in. Change to No. 10 needles.

1st Row: K 2, (p 1, k 7) six times, p 1, cast on 21 sts, leave rem. sts. on a spare needle.

2nd Row: P 13, (k 1, p 7) seven times, k 1, p 2.

3rd Row: K 2, (p 1, k 7) seven times, p 1, k 13.

Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows five times and 2nd row once. Cont. in this manner, inc. once at beg. of next and every following 8th row until 78 sts. are on needle. Work without shaping until front measures 12in. from commencement, ending at armhole edge. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next row and then dec. once at same edge in every alt. row until 61 sts. rem. Cont. without shaping until work measures 17 1/2in. from commencement, ending at armhole edge.

Neck Shaping: Work 48 sts., leave rem. sts. on a st.-holder, turn. Cast off 8 sts., then dec. once at neck edge in every row until 31 sts. rem. Work 1 row.

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 3 alt. rows. Cast off rem. sts. last st.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 6 sts., k 7, (p 1, k 7) seven times, p 1, inc. once in last st.

1st Row: P 2, (k 1, p 7) seven times, k 1, p 13.

2nd Row: K 13, (p 1, k 7) seven times, p 1, k 2.

Work as given for left front, working shapings at opposite ends of needles and at the same time working buttonholes in 14th and 15th rows and every 24in. until 6 buttonholes in all have been worked.

To Make Buttonholes—1st Row: K 12, cast off 3 sts., work to end of row.

2nd Row: Work to last 12 sts., cast on 3 sts., work to end of row.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 116 sts. Work in rib as given for front. Change to No. 10 needles.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 7, rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 1, inc. once in last st.

2nd Row: P 2, * k 1, p 7, rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 1, p 2.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows five times. Inc. once each end of next and every following 8th row until 126 sts. are on needle. Cont. without shaping until back measures 12in. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next two rows. Dec. once each end of next and alt. rows until 95 sts. rem. Cont. without shaping until armhole measures same as front armhole. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows.

SLEEVES

Using yellow wool, cast on 88 sts. and work 22 rows in

plain smooth fabric. Next row knit up corresponding st. of cast-on row to form a hem, P 1 row.

Color Chart for Sleeves Is As Follows: 4 rows light green; 2 rows dark green; 18 rows light green; 2 rows dark green; 18 rows yellow; 16 rows dark green; 2 rows light green; 4 rows dark green; 10 rows yellow; 4 rows light green; 2 rows dark green; 18 rows light green; 2 rows dark green; 18 rows yellow; 4 rows dark green; 6 rows light green.

Working to the color chart, inc. once each end of 14th and every 6th row until 96 sts. are on needle. Cont. without shaping until 14th row of third dark green stripe has been worked. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. once each end of next and every alt. row until 1st row of last light green stripe has been worked, dec. once each end of every row. Cast off.

NECK BAND

Sew up shoulder seams. Slip sts. from st.-holder on to No. 12 needles, then k up 26 sts. along right side of neck, 32 sts. along back, and 25 sts. along left side and k across sts. on st.-holder. Keeping front 13 sts. on each end in plain knitting, work other sts. in rib for 1 1/2in., making buttonhole as before in 8th and 9th rows.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces carefully. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Turn back hems down both fronts and slip-stitch in position on wrong side. Sew on buttons. Finally press all seams.

PRESENTING

Dishwashing Magic in a Bottle!

Shaker-top saves waste



THE NEW ECONOMICAL CONCENTRATED LIQUID DETERGENT

The SCENE:
The Villain:
The Heroine:
The Hero:

Your kitchen sink
Greasy dishes
You
JIF

The Plot: Piles of greasy dishes after a big dinner... and you've only a few minutes. Jif to the rescue! Just three or four shakes! Jif is a concentrated dishwasher... with twice the cleansing power of the usual watery detergents and, of course, much more economical!

The Ending: Bright and happy. Jif gives masses of grease-killing lather in hot water or cold, hard or soft. No rinsing... no wiping! Now dishes come out of the water shiny bright. And, glory be, no dishpan ring tonight!

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USED BY DOCTORS
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THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA



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PRODUCTS IS GUARANTEED BY
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Australia's leading Manufacturing
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More than twice the Value
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THE SKIN
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GIVES YOU
COMPLETE
COMPLEXION
CARE

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A Fresh and Foamy SHAMPOO

Feel its rich, creamy lather lather and work into your scalp... cleansing, softening and beautifying your hair.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES



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F3106. — Princess-line dress, one of the newest silhouettes for autumn. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 7½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.



F3104



F3105



F3106



F3107

Fashion PATTERNS

F3104. — Designed for the not-so-slim, a softly styled one-piece with a graceful skirtline and open neckline. Sizes 38in. to 44in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3105. — Slender button-through coat-dress with contrasting tabs on collar and cuffs. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material and ¼yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

F3106. — Smart slim-line daytime dress styled with bosom emphasis. The silhouette is another popular one for autumn and winter. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F3109. — Beginners' pattern for a small girl's skirt and bolero ensemble. Sizes: Lengths 23in., 27in., 31in., and 35in. for 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Special price, 2/-.

F3107. — A pretty, soft design for velvet, featuring a cross-over bodice and skirt fullness. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. velvet. Price, 3/6.



F3107



F3108

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Notions may be obtained
immediately from
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Ltd., 645 Harris Street,
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address Box 4060,
G.P.O., Sydney). Tas-
manian readers should
address orders to Box
66-D, G.P.O., Hobart;
New Zealand readers to
Box 666, G.P.O., Auck-
land.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 621. — CHILD'S PYJAMAS
Two-piece pyjama suit is obtainable cut out ready to make. Full instructions are included with the garment. The material is a floral flannelette featuring a white ground printed in pink and blue flowers. Sizes: Lengths 25in. for 1 year, 16½; 29in. for 2 years, 17½; 31in. for 3 years, 18½; 33in. for 4 years, 19½. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

No. 622. — CHILD'S NIGHTDRESS
A pretty, long-sleeved design is obtainable cut out ready to make. Full instructions are included with the garment. The material is a floral flannelette featuring a white ground printed with blue and pink flowers. Sizes: Lengths 25in. for 1 year, 14½; 29in. for 2 years, 15½; 31in. for 3 years, 16½; 33in. for 4 years, 17½. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

No. 623. — SET OF THREE D'AYLES
The d'ayles are obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider on cream or white linen and on cream, blue, green, pink, or lemon sheer linen. Sizes 5in. x 11in., price, 1/3 each. Postage 4d. extra. Set of three, 4/1. Postage, 5d. extra.

No. 624. — SET OF THREE TEA TOWELS
The towels are traced ready to embroider on linen-finished cotton and feature blue borders. Size 22in. by 32in. Price, 6/11 each. Postage, 10d. extra. Set of three, 20/2. Postage and registration, 2/- extra.

No. 625. — BLOUSE
A smartly styled blouse is obtainable cut out ready to make in lawn. The color choice includes white, sky-blue, pink, green, and lemon. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 22/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 23/6. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.



622



621



622



625



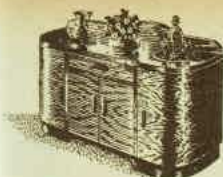
622



621



622



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SLOAN'S LINIMENT 2/9

AT ALL CHEMISTS. BOTTLE



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Continuing Detection Unlimited

(from page 47)

about a highly exasperating interview, that Plennmeller did come into High Street later than Mrs. Cliburn, but as he contradicted himself three times, not to mention remembering what happened, because of its having been at that exact moment that something else happened—only, when he came to think it over, that wasn't on Saturday but on Thursday—well, you know the sort of thing!—he isn't the kind of witness anyone would want to call.

"We'll do without him, then," said the inspector, in a heartening tone. "Hallo! Market day?"

"Yes, I ran into Miss Dearham and young Haswell on my way to the station—very far gone, both of them—and I gather the better part of Thorndren's in the town. We'll skirt round the side, or I may be made to buy a goat's milk cheese."

The inspector had no idea why his chief should be made to buy cheese of any kind, but he forbore to inquire into the matter, suspecting him of ill-timed levity. Together they circumvented the market place and began to make their way down South Street.

"What does the colonel feel about it?" asked Harbottle.

"Oh, he thinks it's doubtful. That isn't worrying me. I know Plennmeller did it, but I don't like a case that rests only on circumstantial evidence."

"A lot of murder cases do," Harbottle ventured to point out. "Hello, there he is!"

"Where?"

"Just gone into that bank," replied the inspector, nodding towards a building a few yards farther down the street. "He didn't look as if he was worrying much, I must say. It beats me how a chap can—". He broke off, for he perceived that his chief was not attending to him.

Hemingway had, in fact, stopped in front of a linen-draper's shop, a most peculiar look on his face, his eyes a little narrowed. Surprised, the inspector said: "What's the matter, sir?"

His attention recalled, Hemingway looked at him.

"Horace, I've got it!" he said. "Come on!"

Wholly at sea, the inspector followed him down the street and into the bank.

The bank was as crowded as the rest of Bellingham, most of those waiting in queues before "the various cashiers' guichets being housewives, much encumbered by baskets and parcels."

Gavin Plennmeller had not joined any of the queues, but was writing a cheque at one of the tables provided for that purpose. His back was turned to the door, and, after a quick glance at him, the Chief Inspector stepped up to the broad counter and ruthlessly interrupted a cashier who was engaged in counting thick wads of dirty-looking notes, behind a notice which gave customers to understand that he must not be disturbed.

Upon being addressed, he began, in repressive accents, to request the Chief Inspector to go to the next desk. However, Hemingway thrust his card under the grille and the inscription it bore worked like a charm. The cashier abandoned his calculations and looked a startled inquiry.

"Anyone with the manager?" asked Hemingway.

"No, I don't think that is to say, I'll go and—"

"That's all right," said Hemingway cheerfully. He nodded towards a frosted-glass door. "That his office?"

"Yes, but—"

"Thanks!" said Hemingway, and turned, just as Plennmeller got up from the writing-table,

and came towards the counter. The inspector, bewildered, but very much on the alert, thought that there was something more than natural surprise in Plennmeller's face. He gave no melodramatic start, but he seemed to stiffen, like an animal freezing, and the inspector saw a muscle twitch in his cheek. The next moment the faintly sneering smile had curled his mouth.

"If it isn't Scotland Yard again!" he said coolly. "Good morning, gentlemen! Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes, there's something I want to ask you," responded Hemingway affably. "It's a lucky thing I caught sight of you. Not but what it's a bit too crowded here for my taste. Let's go into the manager's office!"

"I'm entirely at your disposal, but may I suggest that the King's Head is just across the street? I can't help feeling that the manager might not view with favor an invasion of his sanctum. If you don't mind waiting until I've cashed this cheque—"

"From the look of things, that'll be twenty minutes at least and I'm in a hurry. I dare say the manager won't object," said Hemingway, edging him towards the glass door.

Plennmeller checked, found the inspector immediately behind him and shot a quick, searching glance at Hemingway. His brows went up.

"Is it so urgent?" he asked lightly.

"Just a point I've an idea you may be able to clear up for me," replied Hemingway, opening the glass door and pushing him into the room beyond it.

The manager was seated at a large knee-hole desk, the cashier to whom Hemingway had spoken at his elbow. He looked up over the top of his spectacles, by no means pleased by the unceremonious entrance of three uninvited persons.

"Mr. Plennmeller?" he said, surprised. He glanced from Harbottle to Hemingway, and then at the card in his hand. "Chief Inspector—er—Hemingway? You wish to see me?"

"Properly speaking, it's Mr. Plennmeller who wishes to see you," said Hemingway. "He deposited a package with you on Monday for safekeeping and now he wants to show me what's in it. Take him, Harbottle!"

"But how did you know, Chief?" Harbottle demanded, when at last he found himself alone with the Chief Inspector. "I didn't," replied Hemingway calmly. "I took a chance on it."

"Took—you never!" said Harbottle, with conviction.

"Not but what there was a bit more to it than that," Hemingway added. "In fact, I

ought to have tumbled to it before I actually did. I told the Chief Constable yesterday that if this were London I should be nosing round the safe deposits, and why I didn't carry straight on from there and think of bank strong rooms, I can't tell you."

The inspector stammered, "B-but do you mean that just because I told you Plennmeller had gone into the bank you guessed he'd deposited the Colt there?"

"Well, no, not quite," confessed Hemingway. "When you told me that, it came to me in a flash that he was just coming out of a bank when I happened to run into him here on Monday morning. Putting two and two together and taking into account the psychology of Mr. Gavin Plennmeller, it seemed fairly safe to trust my instinct."

"Well!" ejaculated the inspector. "And where would you have been if he hadn't deposited the Colt in the bank?"

"Exactly where I am now. I should have arrested him anyhow. But the instant he set eyes on me I knew I was right. He's a good actor, but seeing me in the bank gave him the nastiest shock he's had—so far."

"But to rush it like that—!" said Harbottle, his respect for forms and ceremonies considerably shocked. "Pushing into the manager's office without a by your leave, and telling him lies about Plennmeller's wanting to show you what were the contents of a package you'd no proof was in the bank at all! You ought to have had a warrant!"

"Yes, that's where I think quicker than you do, Horace. You try getting a warrant to search a bank! First, you've got to put up a strong case, then you've got to get authority to make the manager disclose that he has received a package from your suspect, and after that you've got to apply for a special warrant, and, lastly, just to round things off, you've got to wait for three days after you've presented it before you can execute the warrant. Thanks, I've had some!"

He concluded pleasantly. "Meanwhile, Mr. Gavin Plennmeller gets the wind of what you're up to and thinks up an ingenious stalemate. No, the proper thing to do was to rock him right off his balance."

"He couldn't have done anything," argued the inspector. "We could have had him watched and the bank too."

"We could, of course, but there's something you're forgetting, Horace. Two things, in fact."

"What are they?" asked the inspector, frowning.

"All that hanging about would have been a bad curtain. If you hadn't got a silly prejudice against the theatre, you'd know that. And on top of that," said the Chief Inspector comfortably, "I've got a fortnight's leave due to me on Saturday. I had to force the pace!"

(Copyright)

Delightful new serial By Margery Sharp

FIRST long instalment will appear next week of "The Gipsy in the Parlor," latest novel by the outstanding English author Margery Sharp.

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PEPPER AND SALT
WHENEVER YOU
SET THE TABLE!



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, with **PRINCESS NARDA:** Are seeking the White Queen of Taboo Land. They find Taboo Land is a lost Mayan civilisation. Narda is kid-

napped and taken to the temple. There she sees the White Queen, who tells her that she was captured by the Mayas as a child. Narda tells her of the life she might lead back home, but the Queen orders her death. **NOW READ ON:**



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LEGS TOO!

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AT CHEMISTS AND STORES

TEENA by Linda Terry



TEENA'S TRYING TO FIND A MAN WHO CAN IMMORTALIZE HER —



SHE'S LOOKING FOR SOMEONE WHO IS GOING TO BE FAMOUS, BUT POSITIVELY, SO SHE CAN GO DOWN IN HISTORY AS THE WIFE OF A FAMOUS MAN.

PIPSY! PIPSY!! PHONE!



OH, TEENA! — WHAT'S UP, DUCK? NOO! YOU MEAN!?! YOU'VE FOUND HIM? AND HOW'RE YOU MAKING OUT... NO KIDDING! HE'S IN YOUR PARLOR RIGHT NOW?!? WOW!!! HOLD HIM THERE!!! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!!!



PUFF, PUFF, OULP!!



THAT IS YOUR MAN OF DESTINY?!? SSSH! HE'LL HEAR YOU!



—BUT WHAT DOES HE DO?

HE'S A WRITER... HE'S VERY TALENTED



—HE'S ALREADY HAD A LETTER PUBLISHED IN THE GAZETTE UNDER THE PEN NAME OF "CONSTANT READER".

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Peta



Mini

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NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 52. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Frocks, 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney.



Miranda



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P41

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